

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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For All The Family*

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WHAT IS SUCCESS? IT IS ACHIEVEMENT..HOW DO WE MEASURE IT? BY THE BENEFITS THAT IT CONFERS..WEALTH IS NOT NECESSARILY THE MEASURE OF IT.FOR A MAN MAY BE SUCCESSFUL AND NEVER RICH.OR HE MAY BE RICH AND FAIL OF SUCCESS..TRUE SUCCESS IS MEASURED NOT BY DOLLARS BUT BY SERVICE—AND HEALTH. CHARACTER.EDUCATION AND INDUSTRY ARE THE FOUNDATION STONES UPON WHICH IT RISES

HUNT THE TAILOR

by Russell Gordon Carter, will appear in our next issue—a story of college life that all readers will find irresistibly funny. The hero is an irresponsible but likeable youth who is always hard up and always full of new—and absurd—schemes for filling his purse. This story is the first of a series that will include also

Hunt the Waffle Man, Hunt the Florist and
Hunt the Haberdasher

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

THE BEST OF AMERICAN LIFE IN FICTION FACT AND COMMENT

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AUNT ADELINE

By Alice Dyar Russell

FHE other way round! With the worn spot in front! Here, let me show you!" Paula sprang from the couch, twitched the cover out of Marjorie's hands and began to adjust it so that all its worst points would show. "How does that look, girls?"

There was a chorus of approving exclamations and laughter. "Perfectly awful!" "Heart-rending!" "Paula, you're a genius!"

Paula, a tall, willowy girl with dark, excited eyes, bowed complacent acknowledgments. "I admit it," she said cheerfully. "What next? Frankie, stop gazing into that empty candy box and bestir yourself! That lovely picture with the gold frame must come down from the wall! Aunt Adeline would see it at once and would not be a bit sorry for us so long as we had anything like that. Oh, yes, I am sure you can reach it, Frankie! Put it into the closet, dear. Marjorie, where is that rickety little chair we hid the other day?"

Meanwhile another of the five juniors present, fluffy-haired Frieda, was pirouetting with whirling skirts on the shining hardwood floor. "Oh, for a piano!" she cried fervently. "Think what it would do for us! Paula, would your aunt be good for a piano?"

"My dears," Paula answered in solemn tones, "she would be good for a houseful of pianos!"

"Well, it seems to me," said Frankie, sinking as if exhausted by her labors, "that we are troubling ourselves too much. This place looks poverty-stricken without our doing another thing to it!"

"That's perfectly true!" said Lois, a mild, serious-looking girl who was uncertainly contemplating a miscellaneous collection of ornaments on the mantelpiece. "There isn't another sorority house on the campus that has such a shabby parlor. I should think, Paula, that all we need do would be to lead your aunt to it and let the effect soak in."

"We've got to hit her imagination as well as her heart," Paula protested. "Aunt Adeline's sympathy is freaky. If you didn't know her, sometimes you'd think she was stingy; then all at once she does the most outrageously generous thing!"

"I'm scared stiff that I'll make a break with her," Frankie declared dolefully. "Is she awfully hard to get on with, Paula?"

"You know I haven't seen her myself since I was ten years old. But she writes the dearest letters, and mother says she loves girls! You know she had a daughter once, my cousin Ellen. She died when she was fifteen; it was awfully sad."

A slight silence settled down upon the room; the pretty, light-hearted young creatures did not feel competent to deal with sorrow.

"We mustn't be afraid of her," Marjorie said after a pause.

"We must rush her like any other girl," Frieda said.

"I'm not going to ask her for a thing," Paula remarked. "We'll let her see—delicately, gracefully—and then she'll be sure to offer!"

"Like this," Frieda put in brightly. "My dear niece, has

it ever occurred to you and your sweet young friends that this otherwise delightful parlor is in need of—ahem!—and would it hurt your pride if I were to offer—ahem! And dear niece Paula replies, 'Why, auntie, dear, now you speak of it, I do notice—'"

They all began to laugh.

"All very well, sisters dear," Lois gloomily suppressed them, "but is this conjugating irregular verbs? Aunt Adeline comes tomorrow afternoon, but if I am not mistaken Greek is due at 9 A.M.!"

The girls changed their comfortable postures and their cheerful expressions.

"You're a kill-joy!" Frieda turned to Lois, frowning darkly. "I had forgotten Greek for one whole hour!"

"The trouble with Greek," moaned Marjorie, "is that bluffing is positively no use!"

"Don't you think Professor Harboring gives terribly long lessons?" Frankie earnestly inquired.

"Think? We know!" cried Paula. "Oh, girls, why were we ever idiots enough to elect Greek?"

Marjorie answered her with bitter meaning. "I should think you would ask! Who dragged us into it? Who told us it was the only way we could arrange our work so we'd all have everything but English poetry in the forenoon and our afternoons free for larks together!"

"You said the old professors never made the students work hard," Lois added.

"And that Professor Harboring was nothing but a harmless picturesque old goose!" said Frieda.

Paula put her hands to her ears. "Oh, girls, spare me! I'm punished enough!"

"I just know I'll be conditioned in it!" Frankie lamented. "And then what, Paula Abbott?"

"You'll have plenty of company," Paula replied, grinning; then she grew sober. "Nonsense! There must be none of that. A Kappa Keep can't get conditioned! But, my dears, I spent two hours last night on those terrible verbs and stumbled through them today like a ninny! I can't spend hours on Greek all the year. I have too much else on my hands!"

Paula had too much indeed, though hers was a brilliant, facile mind, and she carried most of her subjects with ease, even with distinction, and still had leisure for outside interests.

Although she was only a junior, she was president of her sorority, one of the editors of the junior year book, treasurer of her class and member of the college dramatic club. She dressed well and was extremely popular.

DRAWINGS BY
B. J. ROSENMEYER



She fluttered; she shrank; you could hardly hear her voice



The girls lagged up the stairs on their way to their rooms. The freshmen were attending the president's reception. The sophomores in the sorority, it chanced, lived at home, and its three seniors had taken upon themselves the duty of lending intellectual glory to their chapter and willingly had handed over the executive and social reins to the five competent juniors.

There was to be a housewarming soon, and Paula was to manage it. The recently-initiated freshmen must be introduced to the college world, and the newly-acquired house displayed. The house had been furnished mainly by the generosity of alumnae and mothers of members, and the furniture was strangely compounded of the old and the new, of the artistic and the hideous. The girls were not greatly concerned about the bedrooms, so long as there were beds; the kitchen was out of sight, and a particularly nice mother had taken the dining room in hand; but the parlor was an eyesore and nothing less. Nor could they conceal it from the public; what was the good of a house if you were ashamed to entertain?

With the prospective housewarming on her hands Paula had thought unhappily about that parlor with its one small rug and its ill-sorted chairs. When Aunt Adeline had written that she was traveling across the continent and could visit the college and Paula on the way the girl felt that there was a providential connection between the housewarming and her aunt's visit. In the

first place Aunt Adeline was an alumnus of Paula's own college, and, if the Kappa Keeps had been in existence in her time, doubtless she would have had the felicity of becoming one of them. In the second place Aunt Adeline never enjoyed her money quite so much as when she saw it leaving her hands, and Paula was her only niece. Little wonder that Paula was already turning over in her mind the desirability of mahogany as opposed to brown wicker.

A studious silence reigned for some time in the room that Paula and Marjorie shared. At last Marjorie pettishly flapped the pages of her book. "It's an awful chore," she grumbled.

Paula gazed meditatively into space. "My dear," she said solemnly, "Greek is elective. We can all drop it if we want to after the midyears?"

"Oh, my goodness!" Marjorie ejaculated in mingled dismay and fascination. "They'd never let us!"

"They'll have to! I tell you it can be done. We could find something else very important for us to take. It's only good sense, my dear, to rectify a mistake. I know I can work it—and I will too!" she vowed suddenly. "I'm not going to have this millstone around my neck the whole year; it just spoils everything!"

"It would be rather hard on Professor Harboring if we were to drop his course," Marjorie said reluctantly. "We juniors are half his beginning class and the only girls. Greek's getting fearfully unpopular."

Aunt Adeline was to be with them just two days, and a programme had been arranged for every minute of the time. She would arrive at five o'clock, and Paula and Marjorie would meet her in state and escort her in a taxicab to the house. There a gala dinner would be ready, and all the girls had promised to be present attired in their prettiest gowns. For the evening an informal gathering was scheduled—in the parlor. Saturday noon Paula was planning to give up her classes and show

Aunt Adeline over the campus. Then there would be another gala dinner.

Saturday afternoon was to see their great effort. Every available active and alumna member of the Kappa Keeps was to be on hand to pay her respects to Aunt Adeline. The parlor was to furnish a drab background for an array of beauty and wit, and a bounteous afternoon tea was to be served. If the house budget couldn't stand all those gala dinners and festive refreshments, the budget must go!

In the evening they would take Aunt Adeline to a college dramatic entertainment. Sunday Paula and the intellectual seniors would escort her to the largest and most impressive church in the city. Sunday afternoon Paula stipulated was to be quiet; they would have a quiet chat—of course in the parlor. Sunday night she was to leave.

Nervous excitement was in the air of the dining room the evening that ten or a dozen girls waited for Paula to descend with Aunt Adeline; they knew that the furnishings of their parlor were at stake. Cheeks were flushed; eyes were bright; hands fingered lace collars and back hair.

If a composite portrait could have been made of Aunt Adeline as she appeared in the minds of the girls of Kappa Keep house, it would have shown a tall, stately, dark-eyed, lustrously-clad personage of regal mien and ingratiating speech, who trailed silk draperies and pearl necklaces and bore perchance a checkbook in one hand. But as Paula, so striking a figure herself with her Brunette beauty and vivacity, entered the dining room the inconspicuous little woman by her side swiftly dissolved that wonderful composite portrait. She was such a small, such a humble and, it must be said, such a homely Aunt Adeline! She fluttered; she shrank; you could hardly hear her voice. But the girls rallied; after all the gray gown was exquisitely fashioned, and the low tones were very sweet. They saw that Aunt Adeline must be reassured, and there was so much talk and laughter that the guest of honor barely had a chance to eat.

After dinner when the girls were all trooping into the parlor Aunt Adeline hung back. Her fingers gripped Paula's arm and halted the girl at the foot of the stairs. "Your friends will excuse me, Paula, dearest?" she whispered anxiously.

Presently in some chagrin Paula came down and reported that Aunt Adeline was so tired by her journey that she had thought best to retire for the night.

"Oh, Paula, she's just too sweet!" exclaimed Frankie, sighing. "I'm not a bit afraid of her!"

"Nor I!" "Nor I!" "Nor I!" testified one girl after another.

In the morning Paula, fully dressed, approached Aunt Adeline's bed. Aunt Adeline wore an old-fashioned fluted nightcap that made her small wistful face look smaller and more wistful.

"My dear," she said in a half frightened way, "you know I always take my breakfast in bed. Would it be too much trouble for you to bring up a little tray, just a cup of tea and a slice of toast?"

Paula brought up the tray and sat by the bed while Aunt Adeline ate. Of course she brought up more than tea and toast, and it took Aunt Adeline some time to do justice to the cereal, the lamb chop, the creamed potatoes, the muffins and so on that Frankie and the cook and the house mother had all helped to arrange. Paula did not dream that Aunt Adeline had really wanted only tea and toast, and that it was agony for her to eat a lamb chop in bed. Before she had finished Frieda knocked and had to be admitted, and even bashful Frankie, who, once over her bashfulness, could talk faster and more inconsequently than any of them. They had a real "party," as Paula said, and by the time the girls were out of the room Aunt Adeline's face was drawn with fatigue.

When Paula told her about her plans for the forenoon Aunt Adeline asked at once what classes Paula would have to miss.

"Well, there's Greek—" Paula began reluctantly.

"Greek!" The little lady whirled about, suddenly showing more animation than Paula had seen in her. "My dear, you study Greek! Who is your professor?"

"Professor Harboring," Paula answered slowly. "He is very old, Aunt Adeline, the oldest professor on the faculty. I think he must have been here when you came to college."

Aunt Adeline clasped her hands. "There is no one I remember so well as Professor Harboring. I studied under him four years.

His association was a benediction! To think he is teaching still, and I may see him! Oh, Paula!"

Paula replied somewhat coldly that then they should go to Greek class after all. But there was no Greek class in any proper meaning of the term. Professor Harboring celebrated the occasion by giving them his famous talk on Homer. His eyes under their beetling brows were alight; he ran his fingers through his white hair until it stood on end, and a flush of pleasure dyed his lean, face; his sonorous voice rolled out line upon line of quotation with indescribable gusto. The hour was over before they knew it, and then Professor Harboring went at once with outstretched hands to Aunt Adeline. The girls, standing back in a silent little group, thought they saw tears in the eyes of both.

Then and there Professor Harboring took charge of Aunt Adeline. She became a fixture in the Greek room, and Paula and the other juniors went sheepishly to their classes. Paula reappeared at intervals in order to effect a rescue, but each time she found Aunt Adeline talking either to Professor Harboring or to one of his sober-faced boys. Marjorie, who saw it all, whispered in Paula's ear, "Aunt Adeline loves girls!"

Paula dragged her aunt away at luncheon time.

"There is a man," declared Aunt Adeline, "whom I can truly call a scholar and a gentleman, my dear!"

Paula made the mistake of not telling her aunt what was in store for her that afternoon. She intended to act for the best, fearing that Aunt Adeline might retreat to the fastness of her bed on the plea of a headache or fatigue. But it so happened that when Aunt Adeline went into the parlor for the first time it was to greet an unexpected caller, one who had not before entered Kappa Keep House.

A little later when the Kappa Keep girls came to the party to which they had been so insistently bidden they were hustled without ceremony into dining room and kitchen. There explanations followed in subdued voices, and one by one the guests were given a peep into the parlor, where Aunt Adeline sat happily talking with Professor Harboring.

"He can't stay forever," Paula whispered. "He's got a seminar class this afternoon, I know."

Going down the hall on tiptoe a little later to reconnoitre, she discovered the parlor empty. Their quarry had flown.

About five o'clock the not unhappy guests ate the salad, the sandwiches, the ice cream and cake and drank the coffee and asked, rather tactlessly it seemed to Paula, how the house funds were "standing it."

At six o'clock Aunt Adeline appeared, aglow with fervor and apologies. Professor Harboring had wanted her to meet a few of his older students and to go over a certain project in regard to a Greek club. She had thought Paula would be glad of a quiet afternoon for study.

Perhaps Aunt Adeline perceived the general opinion that there had been something iniquitous in her behavior; she was full of tremulous smiles and eager little advances, and she anxiously agreed to spend the evening as Paula proposed, which was something gained, although it took them away from the parlor.

In the morning Aunt Adeline dressed before her niece and explained with a little blush that on Sundays she never took breakfast in bed. She had promised to go to church with Professor Harboring and his wife, she said, and she hoped Paula would go with them.

It was a humble little wooden church in a corner of the city where Paula had never been, and it boasted no trained choir and no paid pews; but Paula, who entered it, rasped and out of sorts, felt a balm in its very simplicity. Professor Harboring himself passed the old-fashioned collection box, which reminded Paula of nothing so much as a corn popper, but, although she smiled inwardly, she watched his benign old face and loved it.

After church, much to her astonishment, Paula found that Professor Harboring and his wife were bearing her and Aunt Adeline off to dinner. For a long time Paula was to remember that Sunday dinner and the afternoon hour that followed it. The warm quiet sitting room with the faded ingrain carpet, the steel engravings on the walls and the tides on the chairs made

her suddenly feel tired of the distracted rush in which she lived and long for some little centre of stability and peace. She felt relaxed and happy. With a picture of a long tableful of chattering girls in the background of her mind she realized that after all houses were not homes. She hadn't had a Sunday like this since she had been in college, and Mrs. Harboring was asking her to come again!

After the dinner there was much gentle discourse to which Paula only listened; then she and Aunt Adeline went out into the mild November sunshine and walked to their car.

Aunt Adeline spoke after a little. "He did much for me when I was a student, but that is not all he did. When Ellen died Professor Harboring wrote to me many times. He is not only a scholar; he is good! He saved me from despair that was worse than death. He gave me my belief in immortality," she added softly; "it is because of him that Ellen still—lives."

Soon after they reached the house Aunt Adeline had to pack her bag and bid the girls good-by. She went through what was plainly an ordeal with sweet and shrinking dignity. The girls themselves were very dignified and somewhat at a loss for words.

"Good-by, my dears," said Aunt Adeline. "Good-by. I have had a very happy time here. I am fond of girls, and I wish I might have come to know you better, but," a wistful smile quivered in her face, "there are so many of you!"

A few days after her departure Paula received a letter from Aunt Adeline. As she opened it a check fluttered out, but before

she stopped to pick it up she read the letter through twice:

My dear niece Paula: I have been thinking a great deal about you and your friends since I came away, and I am troubled by the thought that I did not enter as I should have into your enjoyments, and that my visit must have been a disappointment. You were all so bright and pretty that the prosy old lady was badly frightened! You must forgive me if I have lost the art of being young. Perhaps I need Ellen. I know so little about houses too! But I suppose they must be like other houses in needing things. I want the girls to know that I think of them most lovingly, and you must choose the best way, Paula. Take the check and use it in a way you will all enjoy.

Your loving Aunt Adeline.

There was a postscript:

I am going to endow a Greek scholarship in Ellen's name. I talked it over with Professor Harboring, and he will arrange the details for me. I am so glad you chose to be a Greek scholar, dear. I feel sure my Ellen would have been one.

Marjorie came into the room as Paula was reading the letter the third time.

"From Aunt Adeline?" inquired Marjorie with lifted brows as she noticed the characteristic stiff gray note paper. "Well, she was an old dear of course—" She paused for a significant moment while Paula soberly slid the letter back into its envelope. The generous check was in her desk. Time enough—

"But we didn't get much out of her visit did we?" Marjorie finished good-naturedly.

"More than I expected," said Paula, opening her Greek grammar.

A SATISFACTORY CONCLUSION By James Sharp Eldredge



J

OE RYAN was the oldest and best-liked pilot on the New York-Washington run of the air mail service.

Lyle Brent was the oldest pilot at Checkerboard Field, the air mail station at Maywood, a suburb of Chicago. When, after being two years on the New York-Washington run, Ryan was transferred to Checkerboard Field he naturally expected to be granted the same privileges that he had enjoyed at his first station. But he was disappointed, for in spite of his length of service and acknowledged skill as an aviator he received a position subordinate to Brent.

Ryan did not stop to reason that, as he was a newcomer, he would naturally have to show his ability before he got a place in the select group of pilots; he protested vigorously. Because of his protests the other pilots were skeptical about his real worth, and for many days he was carried as a reserve pilot and was not allowed a chance to prove himself. When he was finally

placed on active service the memory of his actions upon his arrival still remained in the minds of the pilots at the field and most of all in the mind of Lyle Brent. The result was that a rivalry arose between the two men. Each stubbornly refused to acknowledge the merits of the other, and as the days passed the rivalry became more intense.

Finally on a warm spring day the two pilots became engaged in a discussion of landmarks on the route to Omaha. It was a trifling matter, but one word led to another. Almost before they realized it they had their fists up, only to be separated by J. V. Todd, the grizzled station manager who led them briskly over to his office.

J. V. Todd was not a pilot; he had been put in charge of Checkerboard Field for the simple reason that he knew a great deal about men. That is why he said nothing for several minutes after he had closed the office door, but quietly seated himself and contemplated the warriors. As he watched them there was a gleam of pride in his eye, for both Ryan and Brent were fine specimens of manhood, and, though they were old in their profession, they were young in years; neither man was more than twenty-three. "Truly," thought the manager, "they're a likely pair of boys." Aloud he said:

"I knew this was coming, but could see no way to prevent it. You men are both familiar with the rules of the service; two men who are not on friendly terms may not remain at the same station. One of you must be transferred. Do you both understand?"

"Yes, sir," replied Brent.

Paula nodded soberly.

"That of course will make a blot on an otherwise clean record, something I hate to see," continued J. V. as if speaking to himself. "And not only that, but I've an idea neither of you fellows appreciates the other for the man he is. We all make mistakes, but in my opinion anyone who cherishes a grudge is a poor sport. That is what both of you men are doing. Now I'm going to give you a chance to make good. There are eight hundred pounds of mail to go west today. That will necessitate sending out two planes to carry it. You fellows can both make the trip to Omaha and settle your

Both Ryan and Brent knew that he had meant every word



differences over the route. Let the man who reaches Omaha first win. When you get there shake hands and come back friends. If you can't do that after a four-hundred-mile race, you needn't bother to come back. I'll send you your orders and a rather uncompromising recommendation too." The manager had not raised his voice, but both Ryan and Brent knew that he had meant every word he said. "Now," concluded J. V., "make your own rules and report to me as soon as you are ready to go."

When the two pilots had left the room the manager smiled to himself. He knew that, if one of the pilots should be transferred, bad feeling would exist forever between them and probably would grow worse with time. If they settled their difference while it was still fresh, there would be no necessity of transferring them, the station would be able to retain two excellent pilots, and the mail service would maintain its efficiency. That was only another reason why J. V. Todd was the manager of Checkerboard Field.

Barely five minutes had elapsed before the two pilots reappeared. Ryan acted as spokesman. "If it meets with your approval, Mr. Todd, we will fly on through to Cheyenne, Wyoming, with that mail," he said. "We have only one rule; the man who gets there first with the mail wins. We will stop at Des Moines, Omaha and North Platte for gasoline."

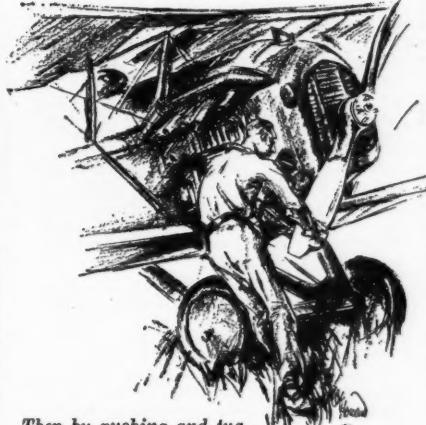
"That's nine hundred and fifty miles, isn't it?" The manager thoughtfully scratched his grizzled head. "It is a fair test of airmanship all right. I think I can arrange with Omaha and North Platte to let you go on through too. Very well," he said with an air of decision; "go to it! But remember, if you are dissatisfied with the outcome, I'll do my best to move both of you."

Twenty minutes later two aeroplanes lined up at the edge of the field; their propellers were turning lazily as they waited, ready to start on a course of nearly a thousand miles. Before the day was ended they would have passed over the farm-dotted stretches of Iowa, the level wind-swept plains of Nebraska and a part of the rolling sage-covered hills of Wyoming. Truly a royal course for the prize in view, the mere acknowledgment of one man's skill by another, but men have competed in greater games for the same thing.

Brent took off first, and Ryan followed him closely. In single file the planes climbed to an altitude of five hundred feet. Then Ryan drew alongside and the contestants turned west on the first leg of their journey. They quickly climbed to an altitude of five thousand feet in order to take advantage of the full force of the wind, which was blowing from the east; then they flew level, throttling the motors slightly as they settled for the long grind.

After the first hour and a half the planes still retained the same altitude and the same relative positions; Brent's plane was hanging a hundred feet below Ryan's and slightly behind him. It was not yet time for sprinting. The race had settled to a watchful contest of endurance and skillful flying. Both men were piloting De Haviland mail planes capable of maintaining exactly the same speed. The winner would be the man who varied the least from his course, who handled the motor to the best advantage and who took the utmost help from the wind. Owing to the added speed from the strong wind blowing from the east Ryan decided not to land for gasoline at Des Moines, but to continue to Omaha without stopping. He passed more than a mile above Des Moines some three hours after leaving Chicago. With fuel in the tanks sufficient to last for four hours and a half he felt fairly sure of reaching Omaha. Brent evidently reached the same conclusion, for he made no attempt to glide down to the airdrome, but kept resolutely on his course.

As they were passing over Stuart, a small town perhaps thirty miles from Des Moines, Brent's plane commenced to drop toward the earth. Ryan was puzzled for a moment at the manoeuvre until he caught sight of a spiral of smoke rising from a factory; it was drifting east. The wind had shifted its direction one hundred and eighty degrees and as a result was cutting down their speed considerably. There was only one thing to do: descend almost to the



Then by pushing and tugging with all his might he managed to turn the propeller

surface and buck the wind where it was at its minimum speed. The hum of the big motor increased as, without throttling, Ryan pointed the nose of the De Haviland down.

Over surprised herds of cattle and open fields of young corn and grain the planes sped. Now and then they would disturb the sleepy quiet of a farmstead and send the chickens squawking in all directions as they shot over the buildings, missing them by only a few feet. Occasionally a small town would flash underneath and speedily become a blur in the distance. Ryan caught a glimpse of the name "Atlantic" as he "zoomed" the railway station of one of the villages, and he knew that they were approaching Council Bluffs.

In a remarkably short time the planes passed Council Bluffs and skimmed the Missouri River almost on a level with the toll bridge. Over Omaha at two hundred feet, a sideslip to the landing field, and they "taxied" up to the hangar almost together. Ryan found that there was barely a quart of gasoline left in the main tank of his plane, but his narrow escape from a forced landing did not worry him so much as the fact that Brent had obtained a one minute lead on him during the sprint to the landing field. According to an unwritten rule he could not take off for the next leg of the journey until after the wheels of Brent's plane had been off the ground for one minute. With machines capable of maintaining a speed of one hundred and twenty miles an hour one minute may mean much in a race.

While the busy mechanics were filling the big tanks with gasoline Brent found time to speak to Ryan, whom he found standing a short distance from his plane, arranging some maps for the next part of the trip. "I see I'm a minute ahead of you, Joe," he said with a twist of his mouth. "That's a small start, but I'm going to run it up a bit between here and North Platte!"

"One minute ahead in four hours of flying!" Ryan snuffed. "Why, son,"—he glanced critically at Brent, who was two months his junior,—"I'm only playing with you! I can give you five minutes' start instead of the one you are entitled to and then beat you badly. Of course it's not your

fault," he added consolingly. "You're doing the best you can."

"Is that so?" replied Brent, "You've got to show me!" He turned on his heel and strode away.

"Better watch out for me now," shouted Ryan after his retreating figure. "You'll have to speed that old crate of yours up a bit from now on." But Brent did not answer.

For two hours and fifty minutes more the planes battled along, with their pilots fighting every inch of the way. Now Brent would gain slightly, only to have Ryan doggedly overtake him. Then Ryan would lead for a time. It was nip and tuck for the entire distance. When they sighted North Platte the two planes were abreast. In spite of Brent's best efforts it was Ryan that landed first; his lead was thirty seconds.

As he walked briskly back and forth in front of his plane in an effort to restore the circulation to his cramped limbs Ryan took stock of the situation. They had been flying eight hours and had covered seven hundred and twenty miles. It was only five o'clock. If all went well, they could reach Cheyenne by dusk. His plane was in good condition and should make the remaining two hundred and thirty miles in record time.

Refreshed by a cup of strong coffee, he walked over to Brent. "If you have tears prepare to shed them now, Brent, for you're about to be badly beaten!" he said.

"My sentiments exactly," replied Brent tersely, "but they apply to you instead of to me!" Then Brent relapsed from his usual half sarcastic mood and spoke frankly: "I want to win; I intend to win; but I kind of hate to." He spoke the last words grudgingly. Then, as if ashamed of his admission, he continued with the old note of disdain: "Better see that that broken-down steed of yours is tuned up if you intend to keep me in sight."

"Oh, I'm not worried much," replied Ryan. He made his way back to his aeroplane in silence, somewhat astonished at the unexpected glimpse of his opponent's character.

Once more the two planes roared in unison as they cleaved the air. Yet in the heart of each pilot glowed a tiny, half-ashamed spark of admiration for his opponent. Both Brent and Ryan were determined to win. To himself each admitted that the race was a great event of his life, and that he was in a race with an opponent worthy of himself.

Gallala, Chappell, Sidney, Kimball, the small towns went steadily past. The pilots did not spare the motors now. With the throttles wide open, rushing through the air at two miles a minute, the big planes bellowed continuous defiance at each other. In their cockpits two youths with determination written over their grease bespattered faces grimly jockeyed the engines to get every ounce of power from them. For nine hours the De Havilands had sped through the air. In less than another hour a new record would be set for the air mail service.

Neither Brent nor Ryan had given a thought to the possible glory to be derived from the race, however. Persistently fighting fatigue, they guided the big aeroplanes steadily onward; each man's only thought was to accomplish his mission successfully and to prove to the other his supremacy in flying.

Pinebluff, the first town in Wyoming,

appeared on the horizon. After passing it Ryan's plane began to draw ahead—a length, two lengths, a hundred yards, steadily and surely it gained. Ryan glanced back and smiled. "I'll soon be there!" he thought exultantly. "I'm going to beat him yet!"

With an effort he unclasped the cramped fingers of his left hand from the control stick and settled for the finish, controlling the motor with his left hand while with his right hand he handled the plane. At the sight of a dark shadow far ahead where earth and sky met, as yet a mere blot on the edge of the warmly tinted map below him Ryan heaved a sigh of relief. The shadow meant Cheyenne and the finish of the arduous race.

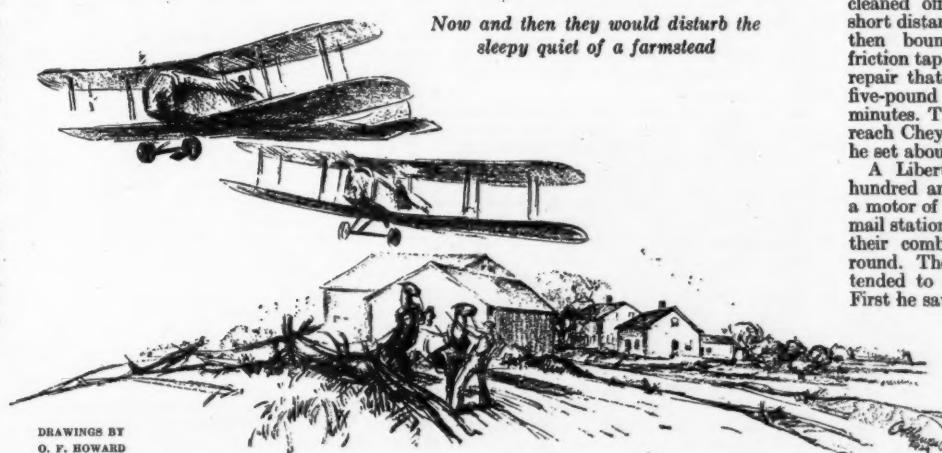
The sigh suddenly changed to a groan as the roar of the motor became broken and uneven. The needle of the revolution-counter began to fluctuate, and the big motor vibrated crazily. Ryan did not pause to investigate, but quickly snapped off both ignition switches. Luckily he was within gliding distance of a large alfalfa field that bordered a well traveled road, and he at once turned the plane toward it. While he was still maneuvering to reach the field he heard the snoring of Brent's machine as it swept triumphantly above him. Ryan landed without difficulty. He quickly found the trouble, which was of a rather unusual nature; one side of the shutters that covered the radiator had worked loose and struck the swiftly moving propeller, splitting a long strip of wood from one of the blades. It would be impossible to continue flying until the propeller had been replaced.

Ryan turned to gaze enviously at Brent's plane, now soon to vanish in the distance. Then he gave a prolonged whistle of astonishment, for the machine—it was little more than a speck—began to descend in wide circles. That could mean only one thing—motor trouble. As he watched the one condition of the race flashed through his mind: "The man who gets there first with the mail wins!" Quickly his eye sought the road half a mile distant. His gaze centred on an approaching cloud of dust. Uttering a whoop of relief, he started running toward the road, taking off his leather coat as he ran.

Brent had seen Ryan's plane land and after assuring himself that his opponent was in no danger had remained on his course, thinking that he had virtually won the race. Cheyenne was only fifteen miles away, and he would reach it in about ten minutes. Then he could discharge his cargo and fly back after Ryan and his load. That would be a dandy story to tell the fellows at Checkerboard Field! Wouldn't Ryan rave! And then something black and scalding struck Brent in the face. In a flash it covered his goggles, temporarily blinding him. He was too old a hand at flying easily to be disconcerted. He ducked behind the windshield, drawing back the throttle lever to the limit as he did so. With the motor idling lazily the black fluid dwindled to a harmless spray. Wiping his goggles, Brent saw that the oil pipe leading to the overhead cam shaft on the left bank of cylinders had broken at the connection and was spraying a stream of hot oil into the air blast from the propeller, which had hurled it back into his face.

He quickly sighted a suitable field and made a perfect landing. After stopping the motor he produced the heavy tool kit that accompanies every mail plane and in a business like manner set about repairing the leak. His method was simple; he merely cleaned off the tube with gasoline for a short distance on either side of the leak and then bound it thoroughly with heavy friction tape. When he had finished he had a repair that would hold against the thirty-five-pound oil pressure for perhaps fifteen minutes. That was long enough for him to reach Cheyenne. Putting away the tool kit, he set about starting the motor.

A Liberty motor develops about four hundred and twenty horsepower; cranking a motor of that size is no easy task. At the mail stations three men join hands and with their combined efforts pull the propeller round. Though Brent was alone, he intended to start the motor just the same. First he saw that the carburetors were well flooded. Then by pushing and tugging with all his might he managed to turn the propeller slowly several revolutions, thus drawing gas into the cylinders. After closing both switches and carefully setting the spark



DRAWINGS BY
O. F. HOWARD

Now and then they would disturb the sleepy quiet of a farmstead

and throttle controls in the best positions for starting he took his position at the front edge of the lower right wing. He removed helmet, goggles and leather coat. Taking a full breath, he ran swiftly past the propeller, which was in a vertical position, and seizing the tip of the lower blade, gave it a sudden strong pull. There came the clear pop of an explosion, and the propeller began to revolve. The momentum of Brent's run carried him clear of the whirling blades, and he landed in a heap near the edge of the left wing.

He scrambled to his feet when the intermittent explosions of the idling motor gave place to a smooth roar, and the plane began to move forward. Brent instinctively grabbed the skid on the under side of the wing as it passed over him and held on grimly. He knew what had happened; the vibration of the starting motor had jarred the throttle forward so that the motor was running well over half speed. It never would have occurred with a man in the cockpit.

The plane began to turn, steadily gathering momentum. It made a complete circle with Brent as its axis, then a second and a third. Doggedly with his arms straining in

their sockets Brent clung to the wing. He was helpless, yet he hated to let go. If he released the wing and tried to gain the cockpit, the plane would in all probability escape and wreck itself in a ditch or against a fence. But he could not hold on much longer. His vision was blurred already, and his breath was coming in agonizing gasps. Then he caught a hazy glimpse of figures running toward him. He managed to motion with his head, and one of the men understood. The man made a quick run and jumped, missing the deadly propeller by a hair's breadth, and landed at Brent's side. He relieved the pilot, who, gathering his remaining strength with a desperate effort, made his way to the cockpit and closed the throttle.

It was some time before Brent recovered enough to proceed safely. Finally with the help of the people who had gathered he headed the aeroplane into the wind and took off. He had scarcely gained an altitude of five hundred feet when the emergency repair, loosened no doubt by the unintentional "merry-go-round," began to leak. He flew to Cheyenne through an oily haze.

As soon as the plane stopped rolling at the Cheyenne aerodrome Brent climbed wearily

out and stumbled toward the telegraph office to wire Checkerboard Field of his safe arrival and of Ryan's forced landing. He was dog tired and ached in every muscle. As he turned the corner of the small building he had to leap suddenly to avoid a small touring car that stopped with a jumpy rattle directly in his path. As Brent walked round the car he noticed that two of the tires were flat, and that the rear seat was piled high with mail bags. Some one started to enter the door ahead of him. Brent raised his tired eyes to see who was in his way. Then he collapsed weakly on the running board of the automobile.

"Joe Ryan!" he gasped to the dusty figure in the doorway. "Wh-when did you check in?"

"Six fifty-eight. And you?"

"Six fifty-eight!"

For a full minute the two arrivals stared at each other. Finally the dusty face of one broke into a boyish grin that seemed to be mirrored in the oil-smeared features of the other. Then the two burst out laughing. Thereupon the good sportsmanship that is the heritage of every true American asserted itself. Almost simultaneously both men spoke. They said only one word: "Shake!"

younger sister Rena, who was hopefully waiting her own turn—was to wait until old Izzy had gone to bed. Being a hard worker by day, he generally retired by nine o'clock and was soon sound asleep. By previous arrangement Ceedy then stole softly in at the woodhouse door, leaving it ajar in case he had to retreat rapidly, and Bee received him in the kitchen, where there was a large fireplace. But a fire consumed good, dry firewood, and Izzy was accustomed to cast an appraising eye at the woodbox every night before going to bed. However, there was plenty in the woodhouse, and before retiring herself Apis, alias Rachel, was wont to fetch in several good-size sticks in her capacious apron. Thenceforward well-nigh preternatural quiet prevailed up to midnight; the motto of every one in the house was, "Don't wake father."

On the night of our story Ceedy had come a little ahead of time. Izzy had gone to bed, but was still awake, scolding Rena for something that she had done or had not done. Ceedy had to wait outside at the kitchen window for the signal to enter. It was snowing and blowing hard. Finally Bee made the anxiously watched-for signal, and he stole in at the woodhouse door.

That woodhouse needs a word of description. At first the Dobson place had been a single log house. Recently, however, Izzy had built another house against it, with a door between them. The kitchen and pantry were now in the new house, and the wood-house adjoined it; the old house was now used mostly as the family bedroom. It was in the old house on the ground floor just within the communicating door that Izzy was in bed. Since it was January, the wood-house was still half full of firewood nicely piled in four high tiers across the far end, for whatever his faults were, Izzy Dobson was a good provider and especially prided himself on his winter stock of well-dried cleft wood. By the same token he greatly disliked to see a stick of wood needlessly burned.

Ceedy had been there two hours and a half perhaps, and Bee was gently hinting that it was nearing time for him to take leave (Ceedy was usually loath to depart)

when a tremendous crash resounded from the wood-house. They jumped to their feet. Another crash followed instantly, and they then heard Izzy shout from his bed in the other house.

"Who's that out there in my woodhouse, Rachel? If it's that Ceedy Goodspeed here again, I'll tan his hide for him! I'll larn him to set round here, burnin' up my good dry wood!"

They heard him clumping on his thick shoes, and Bee had barely time to open the pantry door, push Ceedy in there and shut it when Izzy tore through the kitchen, making for the woodhouse door. Bee sprang to stop him. "No, father, no!" she cried. "Don't go out there! It isn't—"

But Izzy cut her short. "Git away, gal! Don't ye fib to me! D'ye think I can't see the fire burnin' bright and you up so late?" And he grabbed the now faintly burning tallow candle, yanked open the woodhouse door and rushed forth, but he had hardly done so when a gust of the storm wind, sucking in at the outer door, extinguished the dim light.

A clatter and shuffle in the fallen firewood revealed the presence of the intruder, however, and Izzy dashed forward with his goad stick, shouting, "Up at my house agin, be ye, gittin' my dry wood to burn! Didn't I tell ye to keep away?" And he whacked at random in the dark, sure only that the blows were falling on something alive and stirring among the wood.

To his astonishment the goad stick was suddenly swept from his hands, and he himself was sent reeling backward by a sideways blow that seemed to have the strength of Samson behind it.

"Great Jehosaphat!" Izzy ejaculated, catching his breath. "Hit me in my own house, will ye, you young rascal? Wal, now we'll see about that!"

And, stumbling back into the kitchen where the waning fire gave a little light, he caught up the poker beside the fireplace.

THE GREAT BEAR YEAR *By C.A. Stephens*

BACK in pioneer days when Oxford County, Maine, was first settled there was a year—1801, I think—known as the "great bear year," when suddenly bears became so numerous and bold as seriously to menace the settlers' families and stock. It would seem that the bears migrated from a distance into that part of the country. As a rule wild animals do not wander far from the place where they are born; but, as in the well-known case of gray squirrels and other fur bearers, famine, overpopulation or perhaps ruthless pursuit by hunters or other foes sometimes leads them to migrate in large numbers.

Before that season settlers had rarely seen bears, but that summer and fall forest and clearings were swarming with them. Black bears are usually timid and flee from the presence of mankind, but that year they were bold and aggressive, perhaps because they were hungry. They broke into hogpens and forced barn doors in order to capture calves and sheep; they throttled cows out in their bushy pastures. Ere long the settlers' wives dared not go to call on their neighbors even by day lest they meet a bear that would rise on its hind legs, slavering, and advance directly toward them. One pioneer who was watching his barn by moonlight counted six bears crossing his clearing. Another pioneer, confronted by a bear, escaped a hugging only by throwing his homespun frock over the animal's head.

That year too people found for the first time that there were two kinds of bears therabouts; the newcomers were larger than the others and had much longer hind legs, more white than usual on the under parts of the body and were differently marked about the jowls. Those larger bears were known locally as "racers." It was useless, folks said jocosely, to try to escape a "racer" by running uphill, since on account of the length of its hind legs, the brute could run better and faster uphill than down!

As winter came on and the time of hibernation approached there were so many bears that there weren't dens enough to shelter them all; bears were out searching for food in deep snow all winter. A settler found that two "racers" had denned under his barn, having entered by a hole beneath the floor at the back. And one night during a snowstorm another settler shot a bear while the brute was trying to dig into the cellar.

But the most exciting, not to say laughable, incident of the year occurred at the house of a pioneer named Israel Dobson—"rough old Izzy" the settlers' wives were wont to call him on account of his overbearing ways. Mrs. Dobson, on the contrary, was the kindest, sweetest-tempered woman in the settlement. She had come there from old Salem, Massachusetts, I believe. Her



"No, father, no!" she cried

given name was Apis, which in classic lands signifies a honey bee. But "rough old Izzy" hated that name and never would speak it; he had rechristened his wife Rachel and when he was out with her among their neighbors was accustomed to yell the name as if it were spelled "R-r-r-ratchel"—with four r's instead of one.

Mrs. Dobson, who was ill for a long while when her oldest daughter was born, greatly wished to give the child her own girlhood name of Apis. But, as Dobson would not listen to the proposal, she contented herself with calling the child Bee, which was much the same thing, though old Izzy never knew it. In fact he liked the name Bee and boasted of it, which shows how the mildest and gentlest of wives often contrive to have their own way in spite of the most obstreperous of husbands.

Bee was now eighteen years old, which was considered legal age in those days, and a fine, strong, handsome lass she was, much like her mother in disposition yet with a dash of her father's energy. She lived at home and helped her mother with the housework, and she had not a few admirers among the young men of the settlement, who had begun shyly to call at the Dobson place—very shyly, be it said, for Izzy had given loud notice that he would have no "sparkin'" at his house, and that if he caught any of the youngsters round his Bee he would take his goad stick to them. One of his principal objections to "sparkin'" was that, if protracted to late hours of the evening, it used up too much good, dry firewood.

But one of the suitors, bolder or more deeply enamored than the rest, persisted in

coming round. He was a boy of about Bee's age named Kedron Goodspeed, who lived at the little new hamlet at the foot of the lake three miles from the Dobsons'. Kedron is a Bible name no doubt, probably from the Brook Kedron near Jerusalem —

"Thou swift-gliding Kedron,
By thy silver stream—"

First and last New England boys and girls have carried through life nearly every proper name found within the covers of the King James version of the Scriptures. It seems to me too that the earlier printing of the word was Cedron instead of Kedron; that may be the reason that Kedron Goodspeed was familiarly known as "Ceedy."

Twice Ceedy had been chased off the Dobson place with the paternal goad stick, but still Ceedy kept coming back. The course of true love cannot be wholly stayed; it must go on, goad sticks or no goad sticks. But facilities for "sparkin'" in pioneer days were poor. In summer, it is true, the abundant woods offered cover, but in winter there was nowhere to go, for houses were small and families large. Of all necessary occupations too "sparkin'" requires a special room and not too many interested spectators. But the pioneers accomplished it somehow.

The way Ceedy and Bee managed their "sparkin'" that winter—with the sympathetic connivance of Bee's mother and her



DRAWN BY
CHARLES LASSELL

ONE GIRL'S READING

By Marion Ponsonby

"Don't, father, don't go out there!" Bee implored him. "I tell you it isn't—"

But Izzy, now intent on battle, only shouted, "Shut up, gal!" and rushed forth again. Catching glimpse now of a dark object shuffling among the wood, he aimed a stroke at it. But again his blow was swept aside by a mighty counter stroke that hurled him clean to the back of the woodhouse, where he came in such violent collision with the tub of soft soap that stood by the kitchen door that he overturned it and fell sprawling in the slippery contents.

Truth to say, Izzy was badly hurt. Not only was the breath completely knocked out of him, but the blow dealt him on his left arm had driven it upward with such force as to crack it and fracture the connecting collar bone.

Bee, who was at the kitchen door, heard her austere parent groan as he wallowed in soft soap, unable to regain his feet. She dashed out and, regardless of danger, assisted him to rise; and with her aid Izzy reached the kitchen, dripping soap at every painful step. Thence she conducted him to the bed that he had so lately left on warlike deeds intent. There Rachel and Rena made every effort to minister to him while Bee stole back to the kitchen to take counsel with the hidden Ceedy as to who or what terrible creature was in the woodhouse.

Sounds as if wood were being pawed over came to their ears and then presently the crash of a falling tier of it. For some time they listened; then at last they lit another candle, and Ceedy, who was not lacking in courage to face almost any danger except Izzy, opened the door a crack and, holding the candle high above his head, peered into the dark interior. What he immediately caught sight of was a large black animal with a white throat clambering up over the loose wood in an attempt to reach a sack of soap grease suspended from a nail driven in one of the rafters of the woodhouse roof.

"It's a bear, a racer!" muttered Ceedy. "Get your pa's gun, Bee, and I'll shoot it."

All the early settlers had guns, good old flintlocks; some of them were the "Brown Besses" of British soldiers, picked up on the battlefields of the Revolution. Bee fetched the gun with powder and balls, and while she held the horn and the pouch Ceedy put in powder and lead.

Meanwhile the bear had secured the grease and would have left, but now the woodhouse door had swung to in the wind. When Ceedy opened the kitchen door a little and Bee thrust out the candle the trapped animal began rushing wildly about, growling loudly. Ceedy was able to take aim, however, at close range, and when the old flintlock spoke down tumbled bruin fatally wounded.

"Who's that shootin' out there!" yelled the suffering Izzy from his bed.

With forebodings Rena admitted that it was Ceedy Goodspeed, shooting a bear in the woodhouse. All that Izzy said was:

"I knew that was a bear. And I knew Ceedy was here," he added with a grin.

Meanwhile Ceedy was inspecting the dead "racer," and not long afterwards he took leave to go home to the village and summon young Dr. Ayer, who had recently settled there.

During the early morning hours the doctor arrived to treat Izzy. He strapped his arm against his chest to keep the damaged collar bone in place and enjoined quiet for a time. Ceedy had taken the opportunity to return with the doctor, and now, as behooved a prospective son-in-law, he set about doing the barn chores, shoveling paths in the snow and making himself generally useful. Later he and the young doctor skinned the bear and nailed up the hide on the barn door.

Hearing a male voice in the kitchen after the doctor had gone, Izzy in the seclusion of his bedroom demanded to know who was milking the cows and doing the chores. Apis, like Rena, was constrained to admit who it was. She too expected trouble.

But Izzy merely grinned again, a long, hard grin. "Ratchell," he said at last, "that 'ere consarned young critter (meaning Ceedy) is bound fer to git our Bee away from us in spite of everything I can do!"

And Ceedy did get her away; the town record of marriages proves it.



"**Y**OU'RE a mixed creature," my father had once said to tease me, and, remembering that as a child I had indeed been a tomboy and a bookworm at the same time, I came to discover the real May. No one had recognized May as a mixed creature, you see. I was her athletic director, she my star pupil, fifteen years old, healthy and fair in a Swedish fashion, a good student, "but rather poor at English." I discovered her by the accident of coming across her on a retired bench in School Park, bent doggedly over a book that she was with difficulty keeping clear of her tears.

"Why, May!" I exclaimed.

"I hate it!" she said, holding out Silas Marner.

"You don't like reading so well as basketball then?" I asked.

"I used to love fairy tales and 'Alice,'" she answered passionately, "but I can't stand the things you have to read when you get older."

I gasped; then suddenly saw myself at the age of fifteen, scarlet from tennis, hidden away on father's window bench with the book of my choice from his library, all settled till the supper bell should call me from a deeper life than any I knew even in my precious home! There never were "things you have to read" for me. So I sat down beside May. "What's the matter with all the other books?" I said, tapping Silas Marner.

"You mean Milton?" May murmured. "I have all those notes. Or perhaps you mean Burke—"

"No," I said, "I mean your own books; surely you didn't stop with Alice! I mean the books at home."

"Well, at home,"—May's light blue eyes considered,—"mother gives me girls' books, and there are Johnny's books and the old-timers and of course lots of grown-up books that I'm not supposed to read. But honestly I don't care about any of them. Johnny's the reader in our family. I'm just stupid." Tears were near again.

Johnny was May's smaller replica, like her a star in athletics, but no sooner done than off in some corner with his nose in a book. Why did the resemblance stop? May had loved "Alice"; she was a mixed creature, surely, like Johnny or like me.

"You're not stupid!" I cried. "I can't see into it all so quickly, but come to my room at two o'clock on Monday, and I'm sure I can prove you're not." And I left her abruptly, because I was really touched. Behind the slight problem of a girl who couldn't find her own books I felt that cruel and, alas! most common situation, the needless stifling of a human being's imaginative capabilities. May certainly was capable of big things; her quiet, live strength of body had its parallel, you felt on seeing her, in mind and heart. Yet May's daily life wasn't food for the imagination, being merely safe and sound like that of most girls in a standardized age. Where could she find the stuff of life that would train her mind and heart so that later she would be ready to live broadly and freely? Where, if not in books? And she hated books!

On Monday she came in with the awkwardness of confession. "Miss Brent, I want to tell you something. At first when Johnny was so bright in English and I began to funk I just had to keep up with him somehow, and I knew I could beat him in

athletics, being older. So I've done well for you just to get ahead of my own brother!"

"Very human, May," I said. She flushed with relief. "Of course I did love sports. But I needn't have pretended I didn't like books just because I wasn't good at them. And now I really don't like them. But I'm miserable without them—there! I thought it would seem silly if I told you that the other day. I can't explain it, but I'm sure, if I could read now the way Johnny and I used to, I shouldn't feel the way I do about things. Every little while everything seems so—so—on the surface and so dull I can't bear to live. I have to play tennis hard to keep going at all. Of course it's my fault. I'm dull."

"You goose!" I cried. "Just because you've been too real to go ahead and read when you weren't interested! Don't you see that this whole business is to your credit? Of course it's a big mistake that you shouldn't want to read, but perhaps I can help you. Now what is wrong? The trouble was owing chiefly to two things, wasn't it? At home after you grew the babyish books you couldn't find

that interests him in the world with no more to do than a dog that hears a whistle. If boys happen to find some clue they're after in books, they're readers as naturally as they're baseball players almost before they can read. And of course their material is as varied as the world. Scientific books they have, travel books, animal books, historical romances, and so forth. Don't think a boy is prosaic, May, because he loves facts. He is gathering food from his books that he can't always find in his daily existence. It was easy for Johnny to find the books to fit his own interests. All he wanted was the world. And there are so many books about the world!"

"But why didn't I like his books? Girls are interested in the world too." May was a bit defiant.

"Of course they are. But the world in Johnny's books isn't the sort of world girls are naturally interested in. You see boys are interested in the globe itself and all that happens on it, but girls are interested in the world seen as life with their own feelings attached."

"That sounds moony," May said gloomily.

"And often is, even in your 'practical' generation. Nevertheless, usually this personal way of a young girl with the world is all right and natural! It turned you aside from boys' books, which I hope you'll still enjoy later, but you weren't moony when you dropped them. You were merely after personal material to build up the woman in you, and Johnny's books were impersonal. You were really interested, not in yourself, but in the woman you are soon to become. And in her it's truly what she is, what she has added unto herself, that will give her stamp to what she does. The really successful modern women are the women who are doing men's things in a woman's own way. Mrs. Warren, the real-estate agent, knows woman-wise what people want for homes. And that fine diagnostican, Dr. Sloane, uses her feminine intuition to get right at the personal causes behind her patients' nerves. And of course with home and children women need their own gifts most of all. Many nowadays would tell you to forget you're a woman, May! But to get at life personally is certainly the happiest way for us women, and the longer I live the more I think that the really happy ways are almost always right. Of course your girls' books should have been your own books. But were they?"

"Sissy things!" was May's answer.

"Good for you! You were too real for them. What is a girls' book? It isn't about the great

BOYS' BOOKS AND GIRLS' BOOKS

external world,—that belongs in boys' books! —and it can't be about the great inner world that girls love, for that's an emotional thing that might upset any story. So it's just about girls, no particular girls, and schools and mothers and scrapes; and in the books for older girls there's often a stiff little love story kept under till the end, when some one gets married and the others are bridesmaids. That is, it's about the shell of a girl's world. Not a really personal thing in it, like the deep breath I used to take when suddenly, walking home nights, I saw the cold bright stars tangle up in the elm tree in our lane, or like my feelings when I found William, a boy with whom I'd always played about, sobbing on the ground in his backyard because his father had just died. You know, May, how

the beauty and the warmth of life are always flashing in on girls; why can't some one catch them in books for us? Fathers write for their sons—perhaps they couldn't for their daughters. And I suppose mothers are still too bewildered in a new world with new ways to be able to crystallize it for their girls. However, Angela Brazil's stories of English school life are good, and we Americans have a number of fairly real books. It's coming slowly, the girls' book that is a book for modern girls. Of course it has been done, May, the girls' book

Some heroines of fiction



DRAWN BY W. M. BERGER

that's real all the way. Filled with pride and prejudice, you've probably skipped through Jane Austen and perhaps the Brontës and Miss Alcott, but probably not Fanny Burney's *Evelina*. Well, these books weren't written for the modern girl, but for the eternal girl. Anyhow you'll find yourself there right enough with variations! By the way, I think Jane Austen ought to be read a few years later than the others. If you're after the personal, why, those old-fashioned girls never dreamed that the whole world wasn't run on a personal basis! Here's the only direct answer I can give to your need for real girls' stuff—I've been saving it up for you. You can't help liking those books if you'll open them welcomingly; they're in you. And they're thoroughly delightful anyhow. Yet, alas! they aren't a lasting answer to your quest. They'd run out in a year! No girl can limit her reading to those few classics among girls' books. But they'll do a lot for you, and they'll lead you to the old-timers, a class to which they belong, a large class that won't run out.

"Oh, May, how many blessed hours I owe to those old dears? Here you've just missed out. Probably some dull teacher read you bits of Scott or Dickens in an odd moment between Bacon and Shakespeare! And when you saw the drab covers looking so stodgy on everybody's bottom shelves you thought the books inside must be out-of-date like the fathers who quote them. They are dull in spots and awfully diffuse usually,—but you can always skip,—and you might like Thackeray and not Cooper. But they're not out of date. They're so honestly human that they touch everyone's experience and keep on being fresh even when they're oldtimers. Yet after all because they do belong to everybody they don't belong just to you; they aren't specially for girls.

"I do feel that you and I must find your own material first of all, May, if it's findable. And there's only the grown-up book left on your home list! Here frankly I don't agree with your mother or with most mothers, May. Yet it's true that many books, essays, works technically difficult, lots of novels, are too old for you; they wouldn't interest you—not because they're not real or personal, but because they can't be real or personal to you, since they're too far ahead. But wherever your experience connects in any way with books there I should say "go to it" and get as much life ahead of time as you are capable of absorbing. As a matter of fact, I believe that the reading of girls at fifteen or sixteen should be largely made up of books written, not down to them, but for anyone who is interested—and most of these would come in under the adult list. Just how much girls' material lies here it's absurd to

"You see, dear, a few years ago only, the young girl wasn't even invited to life's big party. Now she is expected to be the belle of the ball. She's got to hold her own in an active, shifting world or be plumped down in her seat to languish as a wall flower. Why, you've only a few short years of flying months, May, to furnish up for the party! There! Doesn't that bring the personal into the impersonal with a rush? How can you get the necessary knowledge of facts and human nature in time?"

"Books I suppose," said May.

"They're your best dependence," I agreed. "Now look at science; don't you see it in terms of a possible profession? At least you may marry a biologist! Take adventure as an introduction to your own voyaging on seas of experience and any good story as an interpretation of life ahead. Things may turn out queerly. Stevenson's adventures may not interest you, but you'll be caught by his fine prose and high romance; most of Kipling may not fire your imagination, but the Brushwood Boy's nonsense will make you weep deliciously. It's all an adventure, May. But one day you'll look at your family about the dinner table, and you'll say, 'It's just like a book family.' Life will take on the colors of books you are reading. You've been reading for understanding, you see! And about the same time, having got through some political articles or a few travel books because you know now you must have facts, you'll suddenly open a magazine or one of Johnny's books, some impersonal thing, and want to read it! Information is becoming a part of your personal interest; do you see? It's all

too gradual, too manifold, to talk of now in detail, this broadening of interests that is at once the cause and the effect of real reading. But the first is; anything and everything may be grist for your mill now. You're remembering you're a modern girl.

"But already you're forgetting you're a modern girl. In reading, the present won't stand still. Even in the newspapers it keeps flowing backward and forward, in and out of past and future. One fact makes you want another older one; Tennyson leads you to the *Morte d'Arthur*; you want to know all about the possibilities as well as the history of man. And after some years you'll find that your range has widened so much that you are looking back to your own time from an apparently boundless sea. You're reading now because you can't stop! You're a full-fledged reader, May, free to sail for a lifetime in the Stevensonian shallows of a book! In deep sympathy with all mankind you've forgotten you're a modern girl! But now to sum up! Accept the unsatisfactoriness of the present situation for girls' reading. Then set to work and find your own material, in bits and spots if you can't find it whole. Do something about this advice!"

One of the best friendships I have come out of that talk. And May is at Vassar now, a young *Atalanta* as ever, but "on The Miscecollany," a star in college plays and a great reader! It was hard work at first. "I'm crazy to know the things this book is about, Miss Brent, but I don't like it. Is it just because I don't know how to read it, or shall I drop it?" There were many puzzles.

BUFFALO HORN

Chapter One
Leander's story



FEW of the old residents of the Pacific Northwest will forget the memorable spring and summer of 1877. Though the country was fast settling, in most places the hardy pioneers had as yet done scarcely more than "dig their toes in," as the saying was. The great inland empire at that time gave little more than a hint of its coming greatness.

For several years the pioneers had lived under the fearful threat of a general Indian uprising. Several sporadic outbreaks had already occurred, and the worst of it was that they were to a certain extent justified. Beginning with the great gold rushes in the early sixties that followed the discovery of gold in Orofino Creek, the transient

miners, who were here today and there tomorrow, had ignored the red man's rights. Under a treaty with the government the Bannocks and their neighbors of the great Shoshonean house, the Shoshones, had been granted a certain area of land, which was called in the treaty "Kansas Prairie," but which the Indians understood to mean their old home, Camas Prairie. As a matter of fact there was no such place as Kansas Prairie, and the Indians were justified in objecting to the whites' claiming Camas Prairie. The claim was enough to make those powerful tribes ready for war. Then too the government had been having much trouble with certain bands of the Nez Percé Indians, who objected strenuously to being removed from their homes in the lovely Wallowa Valley to the reservation round Fort Lapwai; the quarrel was of many years' duration. A considerable number of the Nez Percés under the leadership of Chief Lawyer had struck a bargain with the government, but several powerful non-treaty bands still remained.

At first the leaders among the Indians had

The little buckskin lashed out viciously with his hind feet

DRAWINGS BY RODNEY THOMSON



FOLLOWING YOUR INTERESTS

speculate about, for the field you so neatly labelled 'grown-up' is as wide as the world."

"It seems to me," May said quietly, "you've thrown me in headlong—oldtimers and all the rest. Must I forget about what I like, about finding my own books first, and just swim?"

This girl could think for herself! "You've forestalled me, May," I said. "I was about to tell you that, if you were determined upon a quick answer, the outlook indeed was poor, since the field simply isn't covered adequately for modern girls. Therefore I was intending to throw you in. I was going to tell you to read anything and everything, so long as it really interested you. But don't lose your head—you needn't swim blindly. Let the buoys of your own tastes guide your course. It won't help to be less personal. What is necessary now is merely that you should strike out; if you want satisfaction, you must go after it. Don't be frightened. After all, it's simply being personal progressively. If you try to sum up what your own interests really are, you'll find that actually they stream out of sight like currents. Personalities never 'stay put' a moment; they're always shifting and enlarging. And just so the personal is always reaching out to conquer new sections of the impersonal. You'd never grow up if that weren't true. What you must do now is simply this: follow out your own—your very own—interests. Do it consciously. Just when your available supplies of books and interests seem to fail you I think I see two ways to help you to the real change of attitude you need in your reading, to a conscious progressiveness. The first way is to remember you're a modern girl. The second way is to forget you're a modern girl."

been Eagle-from-the-Light, Big Thunder, Joseph and Looking-glass. Gradually those old men passed away, and in their places rose younger men of greater ability. Standing out above them all was young Joseph, son of old Joseph. Another great leader was Whitebird, and of equal importance was Looking-glass the younger.

In Joseph's fertile brain originated a plan to unite all the Indians in one great war that would sweep the whites from the Northwest and leave intact an Indian empire. As a first step he had got himself chosen as the leader of all the non-treaty Nez Percés. Then he had drawn up a plan whereby in the spring of 1877 he was to join forces with the Bannocks and the Shoshones and other tribes in the Blue Mountains. That plan had been temporarily frustrated, but Joseph's shadow hung heavy over the entire Northwest.

That the plan had not succeeded was owing in large measure to the efforts of an old mountaineer named Leander and to me, Dave Johnson, then a mere youth, but with a complete command of the Shoshonian dialect, especially as spoken by the Shoshones and Bannocks. But, to do full justice, it should be said that the credit was in reality due to two of our four horses, a little old buckskin pack pony of Leander's called Brogan and an outlaw of my own named Remorse. Those two had been chiefly instrumental in enabling us to get to Chief Joseph ahead of Buffalo Horn, a Bannock war chief, and convince him that the Bannocks and the Shoshones had deserted him.

We knew, Leander and I, that Joseph planned a great migration of his people to Canada if his plan for a general uprising failed. We knew indeed that he had already started, for his band were ready to travel at the time we had escaped from them, but it was reasonably certain that no other white men were aware of his plans. Therefore we were extremely anxious to get in touch with General Howard.

"True enough we left Buffalo Horn settin' there afoot on the south side of the Clearwater an' Joseph makin' tracks for Canada," Leander remarked, "but you never kin tell what a Injun's liable to do. We've got to make a report to General Howard."

We were then riding for Fort Lapwai as fast as our horses would carry us, and they were good horses. Irish, my gray saddler, was extremely fast, and Leander's mount, a handsome roan that he called Singer, was little slower. Had nothing interrupted us, this story might have been much different; but it is the little things that frequently count the most.

While we were still fifty miles from the fort a squad of cavalrymen under the command of a Lieutenant Gublar came upon us. Gublar frankly discredited our story. He would have none of it; nor would he allow us to proceed. The squad was out on scout duty, and he ordered us to go along, almost as prisoners.

In this day it is difficult to understand the ill feeling that existed at that time between the citizens and the military, but as a matter of fact it was intense. Not being connected with the army, we were objects of suspicion to the soldiers. We went along with Gublar's men for a whole day before they started back to the fort. Our party had accomplished nothing, but Gublar had divided his men, and it appeared afterward that the other party had succeeded in picking up Buffalo Horn and his braves and had taken them to headquarters.

When we reached headquarters we learned that General Howard had gone away for a conference with friendly Chief Lawyer. Major Stucki, a grim martinet, was in command. We had hoped to interview the commander at once, but to our intense disappointment the major kept us waiting an entire day. We were of course not prisoners, but our status was little better.

For some time I had been masquerading as a Wind River Shoshone, and I still wore the paint. Moreover, my long black hair and dark complexion, inherited from my French-Canadian mother, made me look like a full-blooded Indian. The soldiers never doubted that I was an Indian, and they took pains to show their hatred. Boilyishly I delighted in fostering the feeling. Whenever a soldier or a scout was near I would speak only Shoshone to Leander, though the old mountaineer could not understand a word of it. The act was foolish among men who believed that the only good Indians were dead Indians.

Leander too had his troubles. The real mountaineers who had spent a lifetime in the mountains did not get on well with the army—largely because many of the regular

scouts were mere *poseurs*, loud-mouthed braggarts in camp, but totally unfit to act as scouts against such a man as Chief Joseph. Then too many of the settlers had been over anxious to tell the officers how to conduct the campaign and so had worn out their patience. To add to the feeling, several battles had already been fought in which Joseph and Whitebird had been successful; many settlers had been killed.

Finally we were summoned before Major Stucki. Despite our being there to give what aid we could, he treated us like culprits. "Why is that Indian with you?" were his first words to Leander.

"He is a white boy, Dave Johnson by name," Leander said calmly.

"What?" demanded the officer. "I'll have no trifling," he added sternly.

"He has been masquerading for a good purpose," Leander explained. Then in his simple, direct way he told the story of our adventuring from the time we had played eavesdroppers at the Shoshone council to the time we had escaped from the Nez Percés.

"See here," the officer said sternly when Leander had finished, "I haven't time to listen to any pack of falsehoods. This story of yours is palpably an untruth. You couldn't have accomplished what you say you did, and for my part I think it simply ridiculous to think that the Indians even contemplated a general insurrection. Finally Joseph would never attempt such a hare-brained scheme as a trip to Canada."

Leander flushed beneath his iron-gray beard. He was not used to having his word questioned, and, if the gravity of the situation had not been of so much more importance than his own dignity, he would have resented the insult in a way that would have been highly uncomfortable for the major.

"Every day that you delay gives Joseph a good start," Leander said evenly, keeping a grip on his temper. "If he gets through the Lolo Pass, the settlers on the other side'll be in a heap of danger."

"Our scouts report that Joseph is still committing depredations between the Salmon and the Clearwater, so we don't need your advice to help us manage this campaign," Stucki said shortly.

Obviously there was no use to argue with the man. We turned to go, but at the door of the tent the major halted us, wagging a stubby forefinger at Leander. "I warn you, old man," he said, "that it is a dangerous business trying to deceive the military. I could hold you if I wished, but I'll let you go with a warning. However, I want you to leave this post immediately."

We passed out and started for our horses, which were grazing with the army horses a mile or so from the post.

"Let 'em go!" I said, referring to the army. "Let's go back in the mountains and try to find that lost mine." The search for the lost mine was what had brought us into contact with the Indians in the first place.

"No, Dave," Leander said deliberately, "we can't quit just because we ain't appreciated. Remember that, if we save just one white person's life, we've accomplished more'n if we found a dozen lost mines."

That was always Leander's creed, the greatest good to the greatest number, and he never faltered in it. I hung my head.

"But what can we do after the way those two officers have treated us?" I asked.

"Two swell heads don't make a whole army," Leander replied. "We've got to find General Howard and report to him."

I felt I had had enough of army officers. If Leander chose to be snubbed again, he could go alone. By that time we had caught our horses; Leander proceeded to go through a sort of ritual with his stodgy little buckskin. The old mountaineer was just a bit superstitious, and he believed that Brogan was "good medicine." Therefore he frequently put his lips to the animal's soft nose and talked to him in whispers. The buckskin would make queer little noises with his nose, and Leander would half playfully contend that it was his "medicine" talking.

Suddenly we noticed that half a dozen soldiers and a scout had joined us. The soldiers were ordinary-looking fellows, but the scout was a man to attract attention, if not admiration. He was perhaps forty years old, more than six feet tall and built as square as a box. His face was completely covered with a dense growth of dirty brown whiskers, so

that when his mouth was closed all that was visible of his features was a red, hairy blur of a nose and little brown eyes almost concealed by a hedge of eyelashes.

I was apprehensive at once. The scout and most of the soldiers had been among those who were especially bitter toward me because they thought I was an Indian. With them now was Major Stucki's orderly, who had been present at our interview with the major; so of course they all knew that I had deceived them. The scout—Cunningham by name—had been particularly virulent in baiting me for being Wind River Shoshone.

"See here, you mock Injun," Cunningham growled at me, "you got mighty funny with us, didn't you?"

I only grinned at them.

"We're goin' to wipe that grin off'n you," Cunningham said. "An' likewise the paint—right down to the bone."

The soldiers laughed and began closing in.

I saw that I was in a desperate position. They were men who could not take a joke, and they were in a position to work their will upon me. We were in a narrow gulch out of sight of the post, though there was small chance that Major Stucki would have interfered even if he had known what was going on.

"An' then we're goin' to take your shirt off an' whup you till you kaint holler," Cunningham went on zestfully.

My heart sank, for we were unarmed. Leander had left his rifle at the post when we had started for our horses.

"Don't try to help me, Leander," I said; "it will do no good and will only get you hurt."

Leander seemed to pay no attention. He was still talking to Brogan, and the horse was between him and Cunningham. Brogan could be moved to any position by the slightest pressure on his nose, but he would kick wickedly if anything happened to dig him in the ribs. Suddenly the buckskin began turning and backing.

"Whoa, Brogan!" Leander shouted. "Stan' still, blast ye, or I'll bite yer ear off!"

"Hey there, old pack rat, what're you drivin' at?" Cunningham yelled.

To be called a pack rat was one of the worst insults that could be offered to a man of the mountains; it meant a thief. But Leander offered no retort—in words. Instead he dug his thumb into Brogan's shoulder, and the little buckskin lashed out viciously with his hind feet. Both heels landed square on Cunningham's chest.

The scout dropped to the ground with a hissing sound as the breath left his body, and we knew that it would be some time before it would come back.

"Run for it!" Leander exclaimed.

I already had my hand on my horse's mane, and I swung on. Leander, despite his gray hair and his many years, made a flat-footed spring to the back of Singer. We were off like the wind with our two faithful pack animals, Brogan and Remorse, in hot pursuit.

We rode by the post, stopping only to get our blankets and Leander's rifle. We put several miles between ourselves and the soldiers before we dared to stop.

"What now?" I asked.

"We must git to General Howard at once before any one from the post sees him," said Leander. "You can depend on Teton Tom to put up some lyin' story about us that'll turn the general against us," he added.

"Teton Tom?" I repeated.

"The feller who calls himself Cunningham," Leander said.

"But I don't understand," I objected.

"You didn't say you knew him."

"I was glad not to when I saw he didn't remember me. It's been fifteen years since I saw him, but I never forgot that hairy mug. He was one of Plummer's road agents up around Virginia City. He escaped from the Vigilantes by goin' to live with the Injuns."

"Then he is—he may be—a traitor."

"Prob'y is," Leander agreed laconically.

"Then why didn't you denounce him?"

"Do you think I would have been believéd?" Leander asked with a faint smile.

"That's right," I said. "Those army officers are keen to believe anything but the truth!"

"Don't blame 'em too much. They have a lot of imposters to deal with, an' naturally they'd rather believe their regular scouts than a stranger. But you see now, don't you, that our work is far from finished?"

"It's just begun," I acknowledged.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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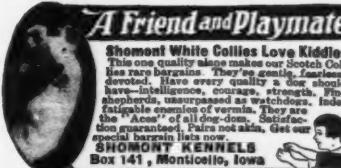
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FACT AND COMMENT

THERE IS NO DULL GRIND if you take pride in your grist.

Before you leave the Camp that gave you Rest
Pile up more Wood to warm the Coming Guest.

TRY EVERY DAY to consider a masterpiece—a picture, a musical composition, a poem or some bit of good prose literature. Constant association with masterpieces makes for intellectual elevation and leaves little room for cheapness either of thought or of speech.

TO PROTECT BANK CLERKS from the danger of being suffocated through accidental imprisonment in vaults fitted with time locks, the newest banks now equip their vaults with electric lights, oxygen tanks, a telephone and instructions saying what a person accidentally locked in should do.

MARCONI, THE INVENTOR, says that he has perfected a method by which he can send radio messages as a beam, projected in any desired direction. Moreover, the new form of transmission requires only a small part of the electrical energy needed to broadcast throughout a circle the radius of which is the same length as the beam.

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT is paying off its debt to the United States buys Liberty bonds wherever it can get them at less than par, for the Treasury accepts them from England at their face value. The practice saves the British government a considerable sum and incidentally is a great help in keeping the price of Liberty bonds nearly up to par.

CRITICS OF FORMALISM in education have long contended that the usual school methods fail to discover a child's capacity and particularly his artistic capacity. An art exhibit in New York that is composed of the drawings and paintings of children between eight and fifteen years of age, who are described as "ordinary" except for their special training, shows clearly what children can do under intelligent instruction.

SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION upsets many an old and widely held belief. Now comes a professor at the University of California who says that he has proved to his own satisfaction that a red flag does not provoke a bull any more than a white one, or a green, a pink or a purple one. Probably there are men who think the narrow margin by which they made the fence is competent testimony to the contrary.

IN THE COUNTRY DISTRICTS of the United States there are now seventy cars to every thousand persons, whereas in cities and in towns there are one hundred and twenty-seven to every thousand of population. Theoretically, therefore, the farm territory is the better field for future sales, and the manufacturers whose product best suits the farmer have the best chance of increasing their business.

ENGLISH STARLINGS, fifty of which were released in Central Park, New York, in 1890, are now common in all the northeastern states; but until the last two or three years they have not gone south in any considerable numbers. They have spent their winters in the north, as the English sparrows do. But last fall huge flocks went

south; so it may be that they have learned to migrate in America as they usually do in Europe.

THE AGE OF IGNORANCE

IT is not the stone age, or the dark ages, or any epoch of benighted barbarism among heathen savages in the obscure corners of the earth, but the twentieth century, here and now. For all our boasted education and enlightenment we are in some respects more lamentably ignorant than the ages that preceded us, and that we are accustomed to look down upon with contempt.

The nineteenth century accumulated such vast stores of possible knowledge, piled up such masses of useful as well as useless information on all conceivable subjects, delved so deep into the limbo of uninvestigated fact, that no man can properly utilize or formulate the general results of its researches, to say nothing of grasping the details, in even a few of the infinite fields of discovery.

For the person of ordinary intelligence and training the fact may be either a comfort or a discomfort, according to the way he looks at it. It may be a relief to know that others are well-informed, even though you are not. It may be an annoyance to feel that others have education and you lack it. But nowadays no one is educated; no one ever will be again. Two hundred years ago a man could with reasonable application familiarize himself with what was really significant in the wisdom of the world. Now the mere attempt would be ludicrous. There are no longer any scholars. There are specialists; that is, men who recognize what is possible at the start and seek to master only one little acre in the vast realms of knowledge. But unfortunately even the specialist is outdistanced. With a hundred books a year published on his particular subject, he cannot pretend to keep up with what it is indispensable that he should know. Unfortunately too specialties are so correlated that you cannot really know one without knowing a dozen others.

What is the remedy? There is this obvious lesson: that education must come to deal more and more with doing rather than with knowing. The nineteenth century rated mere knowledge too high. The twentieth must effect an adjustment by which we shall train our habits and instincts of living to the highest possible efficiency and trouble ourselves much less with the barren why.

MAKING THE DIRIGIBLE SAFE

WHEN the Shenandoah returned safe to its hangar after having been abroad for something like eight hours in a gale that at times blew sixty miles an hour the dirigible went up enormously in popular confidence. It begins to seem possible to build an airship strong enough to withstand even the buffettings of midwinter storms. The experts in aviation have long been confident that the feat could be done, and the action of a company in Akron, Ohio, in buying the rights and patents necessary for building dirigibles on the Zeppelin model indicates that those who approach the subject from the side of business are beginning to believe that there are real commercial possibilities in the lighter-than-air machines.

Captain Heinen, the German expert who was in technical consultation with our navy while the Shenandoah was building, says that the catastrophes that destroyed the R-33 and the Roma so spectacularly were the result of wrong construction and of nothing else. In the course of his experience he has taken up more than one hundred thousand passengers and landed every one safe. "The hazard," he says, "does not at any time exceed that of an ocean liner."

So long as the dirigible is kept aloft by hydrogen gas we can hardly believe that remark to be true, for hydrogen is so inflammable that it is dangerous stuff to depend upon. With helium gas in the balloon the matter is different, for helium does not burn. There is already a considerable quantity of helium available—enough, it is said, to fill and keep serviceable two hundred airships as large as the Shenandoah. The supply is principally in the control of the government and is obtained chiefly, though not exclusively, from some of the natural-gas wells in Texas, where it appears as a constituent of the gas and must be separated from it.

There is little helium to be had outside the United States,—almost none in fact,—and that circumstance would be a matter of considerable military importance in the event of war. We cannot assume, however, that we shall always have a monopoly of the gas; helium will be found in recoverable quantities elsewhere.

Constructed in ways that have been tested and that have proved to be sound, and depending on a noninflammable gas, the dirigible will be a means of transportation to be reckoned with. That it will ever lift commerce wholly from the sea into the air we doubt; but the time will come, and soon, when the dirigible will be something more than a curious aeronautical experiment.

THE WOUNDS TO VANITY

"FAITHFUL are the wounds of a friend," said Solomon, yet seldom does even the most faithful friend venture to wound a man in his tenderest point, his vanity.

Men are vain on different subjects. It is the vanity of one man to fancy that he has a way with him that is invariably charming to women; of another that he has a dry, amusing wit; of a third that his judgment of men is uncommonly shrewd; and the friend who takes an episode in which one of those particular vanities has been painfully treated and makes it a ground for scoffing admonition is sure to have his frankness bitterly resented. The wounds of a friend when administered to vanity are slow to heal, and any subsequent little disagreement or friction is likely to open them again. Therefore the friends who are discreet inflict wounds less sensitive than vanity.

Sometimes, however, it is hard for even a man's intimate friend to tell where self-respect ends and vanity begins. Probably vanity means with most people respect for themselves on certain grounds that do not really entitle them to it. People who are vain about their dress are pretty sure to exhibit poor taste in dress. Yet people who have a proper self-respect may give as much time and thought to their dress as those who are vain about it. The difference lies in the fact that they do not especially pride and esteem themselves on the attractive appearance that giving time and thought to the matter insures.

On one subject the vanity of man is universal. Does any man live who really doubts that he has a sense of humor? What man, if a friend doubted that he had it, would not conclude that the person capable of entertaining such a doubt was seriously deficient in intelligence? Pity rather than resentment would be the emotion that the question would inspire. The only vanity that no one can ever wound is a man's satisfaction with his own sense of humor.

THE COST OF GOVERNMENT

AS population increases and industry grows, as the spheres of what are called "public services" widen and the complications of a more and more highly organized civilization become more perplexing, it is inevitable that government should become more pervasive and more costly. To the expense of an administration that interferes with and controls our daily life to a degree that would have shocked and alarmed the men who almost a century and a half ago founded the United States is added the burden of a colossal debt that we incurred by taking part in the late war.

Everyone is aware that taxes are higher and more embarrassing, but not everyone realizes how heavy the imposts are, because taxation conceals itself in part behind the "high cost of living"; it enters without our realizing it into the rent we pay, the cost of the clothes we wear and the food we eat, and indeed into the price of every article, either of use or of luxury that we buy. The great bulk of taxation is constantly passed on to the person who buys and consumes the materials of commerce, and it is impossible to imagine any system of taxation of which that would not be true. But there are certain concrete ways of stating the facts that may help to bring home to us the high cost of being governed.

It is estimated that the annual income of all the citizens of the country is upward of sixty billion dollars. The estimate may be high or it may be low, but it is not far from

the truth. What we do know is that out of it we have to pay almost two billions—\$1,803,269,325—on our various government debts, national, state and municipal, that we have to pay more than four billion dollars in salaries or wages to the three million persons who are on the pay rolls of the local, state and national governments, and that our entire tax bill is some seven and a half billion dollars a year. The national budget committee reports that out of every hundred dollars \$14.30 must be paid in taxes. Every American gainfully employed must work fifty days out of every year for the support of government. One in twelve of all the persons employed in the United States is paid by the government out of taxation and of course is withdrawn from productive work of any kind.

At the same time the tendency of government expense is constantly upward. The debts of our states, cities and towns amount to more than nine billion dollars—more than two and a half times what they were a dozen years ago. Tax levies in almost every municipality have at least doubled in that time, though the growth in population is scarcely more than twenty per cent.

Government is necessary to civilization and must be paid for; but we need not pay too much. We who pay the taxes that support government must remember that we foot the bill, dollar by dollar, for extravagance and waste. We must learn that we cannot have anything from the government without paying for it, and that we cannot afford to have everything that is desirable at once. We must not forget that we have to support with our money every person on the government pay roll, and that at the same time the resources out of which government is supported are the smaller for every person who is turned from a producer into an official.

Nations can be governed to death—underfed by productive industry and bled into anemia by the tax collector. The United States is not yet in that case, but it is traveling in that direction.

THE REVIVAL OF HEBREW

THE death in Jerusalem a little more than a year ago of Eliezer Ben Yehudah, the man who single-handed revived the Hebrew language and made it once more a living tongue, makes some account of his extraordinary achievement appropriate.

For more than twenty centuries Hebrew was to all intents and purposes a "dead" language. When Christ was alive in Galilee and Judea the Jews about him spoke not Hebrew but Aramaic. After the dispersion they adopted readily the languages of the nations in which they established themselves or else constructed mixed jargons like the Yiddish, which most of the immigrant Jews in America speak, and which is a combination of debased Hebrew and mispronounced German. Hebrew was still the language of ritual and Scripture, as Latin is in the Roman Catholic Church, and so it came to be regarded as a "holy language"—too holy to be used in everyday conversation.

Ben Yehudah, a young scholar and an eager Jewish nationalist, went to Palestine forty-three years ago. From the first he set himself to restore Hebrew to the tongues of his people. He began to write books and to publish newspapers in Hebrew. He taught his own family to speak Hebrew and spoke nothing else himself. He labored to modernize the language by simplifying some of its grammatical forms and by inventing new words, formed from ancient roots, to express ideas and to designate objects that the old Hebrews had never known. At first he had no support. Those who did not condemn him as a blasphemer laughed at him as a visionary.

But little by little his cause grew. His writings awakened the national spirit of the Jews in Palestine. He had the inexplicable power of communicating his enthusiasm and his purpose to others. It was twenty years before anything like real success attended his efforts, but then the movement gained headway and spread rapidly all over Palestine. Schools were established to teach Hebrew. More newspapers and books began to appear in the historic tongue. Patriotic organizations arose to encourage the use of the language. Ben Yehudah himself was tireless. Besides all his propaganda in the schools, in the press and on the platform he set to work on a tremendous lexicon or thesaurus in ten volumes, almost as great a

SCHOOL DREAM'S CHILDREN'S PAGE

IN A GARDEN

By Anne Louise Robinson

*Oh, the grief of coming late
To a fairy garden fete!*

*You're too late for fairy feast
If the dawn is in the east.*

*I—I reached the garden close
Just before the sun arose.*

*Fairy tables still were spread,
But the merry host had fled,*

*Fled on silver mist away
Ere the coming of the day.*

*Tucked by fairies in their beds,
Roses nodded drowsy heads;*

*Dripping with their dewy bath,
Foxgloves bent above the path;*

*Spires of larkspur pointed high
To that other blue, the sky.*

*Sudden from behind a tree
Crept a fairy cautiously,*

*Hurried up a leafy stair,—
Quick, lest dawn should find him there,*

*Rang a cheery, chimey knell
On a Canterbury bell,*

*Laughed at me and with a wink
Disappeared behind a pink.*

*Oh, the joy of coming late
To a fairy garden fete!*

• •

PLAYING "PRETEND"

By Myrtle J. Trachsel

"I WANT my mother!" Bobby banged his spoon against his plate to show that he meant just what he said.

Father and Aunt Alice looked at each other, and then they both looked at Eleanor Louise, and she knew that they were thinking how hard it would be to get Bobby to sleep without letting him disturb his mother.

Eleanor Louise sighed. It had been a hard day. The days when mother went to bed with a headache were always hard days. Father had explained that mother would soon feel better if things could be kept quiet for a time. But there was no use in trying to explain it to two-year-old Bobby. Aunt Alice had come, and they had played with him and taken him out for an airing. But now it was bedtime, and he wanted his mother.

Eleanor Louise would have liked to curl up in a big chair and read in her story book before going to bed. Surely she had worked hard enough to keep Bobby quiet, but there was one more game that he liked to play—the "pretend" game. An idea popped into Eleanor Louise's head as she saw him starting for mother's room as soon as he had been helped down from the table. She ran after him.

"Listen! Bobby, what do you hear?" she asked in an excited whisper.

The little fellow stopped a second.

"I do believe that there is some one in our room," said Eleanor Louise. "It may be a fairy. Let's go and see."

Bobby was willing enough to go in search of a fairy.

"Oh, look, there she is!" cried his sister, pretending to see a fairy. "What is your name, little fairy?"

Eleanor Louise paused a moment as if the fairy were speaking. "O Bobby," she cried then, "the fairy says she is the Keeper of the Buttonholes, and she has come to set free all the poor, tired buttonholes that have had to hold pulling buttons all day. She wants us to take the buttons out of these poor tired buttonholes on your shoes. One, two, three. There! Now the other shoe. One, two, three. Now you may rest, little buttonholes. Oh, the fairy wants these other buttonholes set free too, these on your waist. This one, this one, and that one. Now they can all rest, and the little fairy thanks you."

Bobby smiled delightedly.

"Dearie me, there comes another fairy. And what sort of fairy are you?"

There was a short silence while Bobby sat with clothes unbuttoned and stared at the place where the pretended fairy was supposed to be.

"Well," said Eleanor Louise, "this fairy says that she is the Keeper of Tired Clothes. She wants you to get out of your tired clothes and let them rest. These tired shoes have walked all round the house. Let's let them rest here under the chair. We shall fold up your clothes and let them rest on top of the chair. The fairy says that you may get into your sleepers, for they are not tired; even the buttonholes have been resting in the closet all day and have had no buttons pulling on them. There now."

Bobbie stood in his sleepers, and waited eagerly to see what would happen next.

Eleanor Louise called out: "Oh, there comes the Keeper of Tired Tongues and Toes. She wants you to jump into bed and stick out your tongue so that she can see if it is tired. Yes, she says that your tongue is very tired, and she wants you to put it back into its bed and let it rest. She wants to see your eyes. Yes, they are tired, too. Put the eye covers down over them."

Then Eleanor Louise gently lifted each one of Bobby's arms and legs.

"Yes, this arm is tired; let it lie still and rest. And this arm is tired and both your legs. Now the fairy wants to see about your toes."

As she counted off the toes, one by one, her voice sank lower and lower. She began more slowly on Bobby's fingers, touching them lightly. By the time she had finished ten of them, Bobby was breathing heavily.

MAGIC IN ANIMAL TOWN

DRAWINGS BY H. BOYLSTON DUMMER



*From empty box or tall silk hat,
To draw a rabbit! Think of that!*



*Since no silk hat adorns my head
I'll use this dog-bread box instead.*



*I'll first enchant with long, low sweeps
The box wherein the rabbit sleeps.*



*A magic touch upon the lid,
A quick command to come when bid,*



*And—what! Do rabbits fiercely growl?
And do they thus severely scowl?*



*That bunny box, I now surmise,
Was really dog bread set to rise.*

IT MUST BE FUN TO BE A KITE

By Mary Carolyn Davies

*A kite with a tail of twisted paper!
How it will jerk and whirl and caper!
How it will tug at the string in your hand!
How it will choose a tree to land
In, always just when you haven't time to
Take the trouble to stop and climb to
Where that kite on a tree-branch shelf
Lies and chuckles to itself,
Lies and grins with all its might!
It must be fun to be a kite!*

WHEN CANDLES TRIMMED THE CAKE

By Patten Beard

"I DON'T care! I won't go to the party without carrying a present," declared Betty Brown. "Mother, I can't; everybody will be carrying presents. How should I feel just to go and take nothing?"

"Well, dear," urged mother, "I should not give up the party if I were you. I wish I hadn't forgotten to buy the present when I went to town, but it quite slipped my mind. I know it's too late to get it now. Come, don't give up the party. Really, you can't! They are expecting you. You've accepted."

Betty kicked the rug with the toe of her calfskin school boot. "I don't want to go," she pouted. "They expect me to bring a present. I can't go without one."

It was just then that Uncle Jack opened the side door and walked in. "Hello!" he exclaimed. "What's up, Betty? What's the matter?"

"She doesn't want to go over to Binnie Wolsen's birthday party because she hasn't a birthday present to carry with her," sighed mother.

"I'm not going," put in Betty. "There isn't anything in the house to take. And anyway I won't carry her anything that isn't nice and new."

Uncle Jack laughed. But it really was no laughing matter if you look at it from Betty's side. She wanted a present. And where could anyone get a present now, when all the shops were way downtown?

"See here," began Uncle Jack. "I know something you can take for a birthday present, something no one else will take! How would you like to have a game to play at the party?"

Betty brightened. "That would be all right," she agreed. "Binnie'd like that. What game?"

"Why," explained Uncle Jack, "a special game—one in which the whole story of Binnie and her party comes in. It is written upon letter paper in story form, and every little while there is a blank to be filled with a word or words. Binnie herself must read the story aloud at the party, and then she must pass a little slip of paper to each of the guests in turn, and each must read his when there comes a blank." Uncle Jack paused. "We want two sheets of your very best letter paper, mother," said he, "and, Betty, a pair of scissors, please, and two pens."

Betty got them in no time.

"I don't see any game—"

"Just you wait. It is a story game. It isn't made yet. You can do your part by writing clearly a long list of all kinds of things—nouns," said Uncle Jack. "Write anything that comes into your head. Then cut the words

in strips from the paper. I'll show you how it goes very soon."

He fell to writing. Betty fell to writing too. Her list of words as they came into her head ran like this: a box of candy, a big white birthday cake, a block of ice cream, a bunch of pink roses, a box of handkerchiefs, a bottle of perfume, a story-book. Then she paused and thought.

Uncle Jack looked up. "Write a lot of funny things," he suggested. "Put down such things as cabbage, lollipop, a donkey cart, a bunch of onions, a football, a string of sausages. Now go ahead!"

Betty wrote those down and added the names of twenty more, thoughtfully chewing her pen once in a while. When they were all on the page she cut out the words in strips and laid them aside.

Uncle Jack ended his sheet. "Turn the slips over so that the words don't show," he commanded. "Pick up one and read it when I come to a blank in the story and when I pause," he said. "This is the story game. It is named When Candles Trim the Cake. Once upon a time there was a little girl named Binnie Wolsen. What she liked best of all in the world was—'" Here Uncle Jack paused and looked at Betty.

Betty took up a slip and read it. "A string of glass beads," she said and smiled.

"Exactly," said Uncle Jack, grinning. "That's how the game works. Binnie is to read the story. Have her pass round the slips. And then each child in turn reads his slip. The story isn't very long," he said. "It will be fun and make everybody laugh. And I don't think Binnie will have another present like it, do you?"

Betty agreed. It really would be fun to take the game to the party. She picked up Uncle Jack's story and read it. You can try the game yourself when you go to some one's birthday party and want to carry a present that is "different." All you will need is to make a list of nouns and cut them out in slips as Betty cut hers. Then copy the story, but use the name of the child whose birthday it is. Here is Binnie's story:

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Binnie Wolsen. What she liked best of all in the world was —.

Binnie was going to have a birthday. She had been thinking about it for a long time. She hoped that she would have ever so many pretty things, and what she wanted most was —. Besides that, she wanted —, —, —, —, —, —, —, —, —, —. Her mother said that she could have a party with her little friends and have a cake trimmed with — and — and —. For favors there would be — for the boys and — for the girls. As Binnie thought of it, it seemed as if that might be fun. The cake was to have pink candles, and the presents that the children brought were to be opened at the table.

When the great day came, Binnie awoke in the morning, thinking of new things that she hoped the day would bring: —, —, —, —, —. Then she thought of —, and she hoped that would be a present too.

"Happy birthday!" cried everyone. She got up and ran down to breakfast. Mother gave her —, and sister gave her —, and brother gave her —, and father gave her —! Binnie had never before had such a birthday.

And the party! These are some of the presents: —, —, —, —, —, —, —, —.

The cake was lovely, and so was the ice cream; and everyone had a perfectly beautiful time. And this is all there is about Binnie Wolsen's birthday, but I'm sure you will agree that it was most unusual.

Betty laughed. "It will be fun!" she cried. "I shall run and get dressed now. I can hardly wait. No one has ever carried such a funny game for a birthday present. It will make all the children laugh."

In ten minutes Betty was in her party dress and had gone!



THE LITTLE BLACK CAT

By Lillian Manker Allen

"I'M most grown up," said the Little Black Cat, stretching himself backward and forward and upward all at the same time. He felt very important indeed.

"Why, so you are!" replied Mother Puss, looking at him thoughtfully for the first time.

"And I need a whole lot more to eat," suggested the Little Black Cat.

"Why, so you do!" agreed Mother Puss, looking at him thoughtfully for the second time.

"I'm hungry this minute," insisted the Little Black Cat.

GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK

By Margaret C. Lysaght

*My grandfather's clock
In the days of my youth
Had an unpleasant habit
Of speaking the truth.*

*"Tick, tock!" said grandfather's clock;
"Jane has a tear in her very best frock!"
Tick, tock! Tick, tock!
Jane is the naughtiest girl in the block;
Tick, tock! Tick, tock!"*

*No chance for escape
From so watchful an eye;
From its living-room place
It was easy to spy.*

*"Tick, tock!" said grandfather's clock;
"Jane has her hand in the gingerbread crock!"
Tick, tock! Tick, tock!
Jane made a face at her grandfather's clock;
Tick, tock! Tick, tock!"*

"Suppose you go out and try to get something for yourself, since you are so grown-up," wisely suggested Mother Puss. "There's a rat that lives in a hole just beyond where you left the ball that you were playing with this morning, and round the corner from the rat's hole lives a mouse family. Their doorway is a little round hole gnawed out between two boards, low down. Opposite the mouse home is a gnarly old tree where there lives a nice fat lizard. Now go out and see what you can find."

The Little Black Cat went proudly out. "The rat is big enough for two dinners," he said. "I shall bring him back to share with my mother."

He found the rat hole without any trouble. The rat heard him coming and scampered back into the farthest corner. The Little Black Cat sat down and waited and waited and waited.

Just as the rat had decided that no one was there and that he might as well come out and get himself some dinner from the chicken feed box, the Little Black Cat stood up and stretched himself. "No use waiting here any longer," he said to himself, "and anyhow, the mouse will make a tenderer meal."

He walked round the corner and sat down close by the mouse's doorway, which he easily found from Mother Puss's directions.

Now Mother Mouse was just coming home to her family with a nice dry crust of bread she had found in the yard. When she saw the Little Black Cat she darted under a stack of wood and kept still.

The Little Black Cat waited and waited and waited.

Just as Mother Mouse had decided she must get back to her hungry babies in spite of that sleepy little cat who was only a kitten anyway the Little Black Cat sat up and washed his sleepy face.

"No use staying here any longer," he said to himself. "I'm getting hungrier every minute. I'll try the nice fat lizard."

It was only a little way to the scrappy old tree where the fat lizard lived.

The Little Black Cat chose a nice sunny spot on a big gnarled root and sat down. Here he waited and waited and waited.

The lizard peeped slyly up from under the side of the root. "I can't wait much longer for my sun bath," he said, "and anyway I can flatten myself down in the rough bark so that sleepy kitten couldn't find me."

He had really made a start toward the roughest place on the scrappy root when the Little Black Cat suddenly stood up.

"No use waiting here any longer," he said to himself. "I'll go and tell Mother Puss I've just got to have something to eat."

Halfway to the house he met Mother Puss herself coming out to look for him. He told her his story.

"If you hadn't given up too soon, you would have saved time for yourself," said Mother Puss. "I sat down by the rat's hole just after you left, and it wasn't two minutes before I had him. Come and have some nice rat-drumstick."

The Little Black Cat was so hungry by this time that the drumstick tasted almost as good as if he had got it for himself. When he had finished he said, "Someday I shall be a great deal wiser than I am now."

"Yes, I hope you will!" replied Mother Puss, and she looked at him thoughtfully for the third time.



Marshaling the Telephone Forces

In the simple act of lifting the telephone receiver from its hook every subscriber becomes the marshal of an army. At his service, as he needs them, a quarter of a million men and women are organized in the Bell System. One skilled corps of the telephone army moves to place him in talking connection with his neighbor in the next block, in the next state or across the continent. Another highly trained corps is on duty to keep the wires in condition to vibrate with his words. Still others are developing better apparatus and methods, manufacturing and adding new equipment, and installing new telephones to increase the subscriber's realm of command.

The terrain of the telephone army is the whole United States, dotted with 14,000,000 instruments, all within range of the subscriber's telephone voice. Even in the remote places this army provides equipment and supplies. Its methods of operation are constantly being improved, that each user may talk to his friends with increased efficiency. Millions of money are spent in its permanent works. Yet its costs of operation are studiously held to the minimum, that the subscriber may continue to receive the cheapest as well as the best telephone service in the world.

The permanent objective of the Bell System army is to meet the telephone needs of the nation—a hopeless task were not its command unified, its equipment adequately maintained and its personnel trained in the latest developments of telephone art.

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BEAUTY WALKS ALONE

By Ellen Glines



*Wisdom has disciples
Keen to hear her speak;
Faith and Love go always
Cheek by tender cheek.*

*Pleasure by her band of slaves
Everywhere is known.
High on the mountain
Beauty walks alone.*



THE NEEDED TOUCH

A SCULPTOR who had allowed his little son to enter his study gave the boy some clay in order to keep him quiet and told him to see what he could make with it. Greatly delighted, the little fellow went to work, determined to model a figure as good as that upon which his father was engaged. For some time he toiled industriously, but finally, disheartened and almost in tears, he brought his crude work to his father and asked him for his help. Then while the boy looked on in wonder he saw his imperfect work under his father's skillful fingers gradually take shape and beauty. It had needed the master's touch to make it complete.

How many times a little scene of that sort is enacted in the lives and experiences of all of us! God gives us material, tools and a workshop admirably adapted to the purpose of shaping human life and character. With eager ambition and enthusiasm we set to work; we are sure we can make anything out of our lives we want to make. We draw upon all the material resources at our command—education, experience, talent, power. In the eyes of the world we often attain a fair measure of success; yet even while the world applauds we realize that we are falling short of our ideal; in the midst of our wealth, our fame or our business success we know there is something lacking. Though we do not always realize it ourselves, the thing lacking is the Master's touch.

For what after all is wealth, however great, that is not accompanied with sympathy and compassion? What is power uncontrolled by any sense of justice or mercy? What is beauty of face but a hollow, artificial thing if it does not reflect the inward beauty of character and soul? Without the Master's touch we may have all wealth, power and good looks and much more besides, but our lives will never be full-rounded, symmetrical, complete; our wealth will be marred by avarice, our strength by cruelty, and our beauty by vanity and pride.



FATHER'S HOME TOWN

FATHER had received a letter, and all the family were interested. "From an old friend I grew up with," he explained in his soft, gentle voice. "His name is Thorne—Pliny Thorne. He sent me some views of my old home town; he lives there yet." He passed the pictures round the table.

"There is the old building where I used to attend church and Sunday school. Once I memorized five hundred verses from the book of John in a contest. I won the prize too, a little Testament. Miss Beulah Clark was the teacher. This is a picture of the park where we used to picnic in summer and snowball one another in winter. And Main Street—I'm so glad he sent a picture of that. There's old Elias Burton's drug-store, and the bakery and Sim Watkins' clothing store; and there's Miss Melhitte Granger's ice-cream parlor and the hotel. And the courthouse! I want each of you to look at that elm tree in the yard; it was only a sapling when I was a boy, and just look at it now!"

Father had forgotten his coffee. His eyes glowed. "It's been forty years since I've been back there," he said slowly. "Forty years!"

Just then mother called attention to the bacon and eggs that were getting cold, and breakfast continued.

As Lawrence and Paul were starting off for their respective offices Lawrence said to his brother: "It seems a shame that for forty years father hasn't been able to get back to his old home town! I've been thinking, Paul, father hasn't had his vacation yet; he gets it next week. We've both got good jobs, and it's all owing to him and the way he's worked for us. What do you say to sending him back there for a visit? If anyone ever deserved it, he does!"

Paul nodded gravely. "I feel the same way," he replied. "We can't do enough for father. I'll gladly pay half his expenses for the trip."

"Good!" said Lawrence.

A week later a thin, stoop-shouldered little man with glasses was down at the station, accompanied by his two stalwart sons. Lawrence carried his father's suitcase; Paul had his overcoat and a package.

"Your train starts in two minutes, father," said Lawrence.

Father nodded. "Only two minutes? I really can't believe I'm going." He hesitated. "It's

the nicest thing that ever happened to me. Boys, I can't thank you!"

Both boys stood close to him, dear old father, who had never said a harsh word to them in all his life. "We should thank you!" they cried. Then they helped him aboard.

A few minutes later the long train steamed out of the station. After forty years father was on his way back to his old home town.



LET WHO WILL EXPLAIN IT!

THE stories that travelers returned from India tell about the extraordinary feats of the Hindoo jugglers are almost beyond belief. Certainly they are beyond explanation. For example, M. Robert Chauvelot in *Mysterious India* declares that he himself witnessed the following performance:

From a goatskin bottle the juggler draws a living adder and turns it over to a mongoose, which makes but one mouthful of it. The reptile, bitten and torn everywhere, pierced all over by the sharp teeth of his adversary, is no longer anything but a bloody rag. Chewed and almost in shreds, the snake twists lamentably about on the ground.

Thereupon the fakir seizes it between his first finger and thumb and extends it on its back. Then he murmurs some strange words and with his thumbnail gently strokes the white scales of the belly several times. The cobra is nothing but the lightest touch; it is not even a massage.

But behold, little by little the creature comes to life again, contracts and distends itself, twists about and finally with a violent blow of its tail restores itself to its original and normal position. This is the return of life, complete and whole; the crawling, the twisting, the darting of a fierce tongue—everything has come back as if by enchantment. The fat and flabby body has swelled up again as if some new sap had suddenly revivified it. It is certainly the same adder; I recognize it by its still bleeding wounds. Let who will explain it. I have seen this!



MR. PEASLEE'S TWO PROMISES

ALWAYS used to s'pose I was a decent kind of citizen," Caleb Peaslee observed to Deacon Hyne. "That is to say, I tried to live square and pay my bills and lend a hand to the welfare of the town and the folks in it, all and sundry, as the sayin' goes. But my wife claims diff'rent; she says I have to be thorned into good works, such few as I do, and even then I show a grudgin' spirit. I didn't realize it at all, not a mite," he added uncomfortably, "and I've got to own it come on me with a little jar to hear she thought as she says she does."

"What's Mis' Peaslee been pesterin' you about now?" the deacon asked in a voice of sympathy.

"Not to say pesterin'," Caleb replied, "but she's had it in her mind for a week or so back to send old Mis' Shedd a passel of things out of our attic—a couple of skirts and a roll of flannel and some other odds and ends that my wife knew she'd never make any use of and she figgered Mis' Shedd could and glad of the chance. She made a bundle of 'em a week or ten days ago and left it out on the grain chest in the barn, where I'd be sure to see it and take it along when I was comin' into the village some day."

"It wa'n't the heft of the bundle," Caleb explained; "I could lug it handy enough with one hand; it was jest the habit a man gits into of puttin' off a thing that's out of the everyday run, especially when it ain't goin' to gain him anything. I wanted the old lady to have the truck fast enough, but I s'pose deep down in my mind I had the feelin' that, if she was gittin' it for nothin', she might as least come after it."

"This mornin' when I was makin' ready to come down here there come an awful squallin' from the hens, and we both run out, thinkin' a hawk was after 'em mebbe; but if there was, he'd got away before we got out there. However, there seemed to be most noise in the barn and round the door; so we both went in and give a look, and right there on the grain chest was that bundle she'd made up more'n a week ago! When she saw that she blazed right out.

"I tried to put it off, kind of, and mebbe I hinted it was the old lady's part to come after the things. Anyway she let out so about grudgin' to do a neighborly turn it kind of jarred me; so I took the bundle with no more words and put off with it.

"I didn't realize how bad off the old lady was till I got to her place and saw the shape she's in," Caleb said. "It must have been two years or more since I'd set eyes on her before, and unless you've seen her lately you wouldn't credit how bad she's crippled in her j'ints; it almost made me groan to see her tryin' to git round, helpin' herself with a chair or the table or whatever come high for her to put a hand on to steady herself for a step."

"But," continued Caleb, turning a shamed

eye upon the deacon, "do you cal'late that old lady was whinin' and c'mplainin' over her ails and aches? Because she wa'n't! Not a single whimper did I hear out of her; she was as cheerful as a bluejay. She hobbled round with me and showed me her woodpile and told me how she'd gathered the heft of it herself. She showed me how she banked her house last fall, luggin' the sawdust in two water pails; and her yard's picked up clean, a good sight cleaner'n yours or mine, Hyne, and we're hearty men with good hands and arms. And then she told me somethin' that made me real ashamed.

"Seems there's a family down below her place a quarter of a mile—some shiftless folks from the city that couldn't make a livin' there and come to the country, figgerin' that even fools knew 'nough to make a livin' farmin'—a man and his wife and a couple of young ones seven or eight years old. And in some way the man's took sick and been that way for three weeks or so; and what does old Mis' Shedd do but hobble down there every day to do the housework and chores round to give the woman a chance to git a little sleep."

"When she tolle me that, Lysander," Caleb asserted soberly, "I didn't only reddin' up in my face; I reckon I must have blushed in my face, if so I've got one. Thinkin' how I'd held back till I had to be fairly jawed by my wife into doin' a decent, ordinary errand for a woman that was doin' what Mis' Shedd was doin' shamed me so I hadn't a word to say.

"But on the way home, Hyne," Caleb concluded, "I made a couple of promises to myself that I'm goin' to keep. One was not to put off doin' errands my wife wants done, and the other was to manage to have a cheerful spirit in doin' for others. The fust promise my wife'll help me keep; but the second one I've got to rely on myself for!"



DESCENDANTS OF A FAMOUS TREE

THE Treaty Elm, under which William Penn made his famous treaty with the Indians, was of great size even in that distant day. In the years that followed, says a correspondent, it grew and was well cared for,



Above is a scion of the Treaty Elm on the grounds of the Pennsylvania Hospital

The site of the famous tree in Penn Treaty Park, Philadelphia

To the right is a young descendant owned by the University of Pennsylvania

but in 1810 a storm ruined it. The place where the elm stood is marked by a stone memorial.

A large elm grown from a scion of the original Treaty Tree is standing near Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, and on the grounds of the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia is another descendant of the Treaty Tree. It was planted in 1841 and was grown as a cutting from one of the scions. Now it has a circumference of more than eleven feet near the base.

Probably the youngest descendant of the Treaty Elm is the graceful tree that stands on the grounds of the University of Pennsylvania. It was planted in its present position in 1909 and is a scion of the Wilkes-Barre tree. Not far from the young tree grows a youthful descendant of the Charter Oak.

DOWN THE CHIMNEY

A LITTLE thing like falling down a chimney couldn't discourage a dog like Trip! He knew what he wanted, and he was bound to get it. A correspondent writes to us thus in celebration of Trip's unusual exploit:

We were living in a double log house almost surrounded with forest, and to protect our poultry against wild animals we kept a small cream-colored face dog named Trip. Although he was small, he could easily handle the largest coon in the woods.

One night a great uproar among the chickens roused us; then Trip began to add his bit to the commotion by barking fiercely. As soon as father and I could dress and get our torch ready—we had no lanterns in those days—we went out to investigate. Trip was running round and round the house and looking up at the roof, but all we could see was a lump on top of our bedroom chimney, which father decided was only a loose brick. We went to the henhouse about twenty yards away, and there we found a chicken bitten through the head. Then we returned to the house, and taking Trip in his arms, father climbed a ladder that stood against the porch and put him on the roof.

The dog made a bee line for the lump on top of the chimney, and then we saw that it was a mink. But just as the dog was about to grab the mink he darted over inside the chimney, and down he went. Not knowing that the chimney was hollow, Trip leaped on top of it, and down he went close behind the mink. Fortunately the weather was warm, and we had no fire. The two came out unhurt through the fireplace into the bedroom, and Trip was right after his quarry.

Mother and two of the children were in bed in that room, and they awoke with a start. In the inky darkness chairs were upsetting, dishes were falling to the floor, and the dog was barking furiously.

"Come in here quick!" cried mother.

We entered on the run, I with the torch and father with the shotgun. The entire room was thick with soot, and mother was standing in the bed, holding both my little brothers on her shoulders to keep them from being bitten.

Trip had caught the mink under her bed and was shaking him violently. In a few moments he came out holding the dead mink in his mouth. The dog no longer was a beautiful cream color; he was black!

It took me three hours of hard scrubbing the next day to get him clean; and unfortunately I used some homemade lye soap that was so strong it almost ate the skin off him. But Trip didn't seem to mind; he had killed his mink.

A SISTER'S LITTLE PLOT

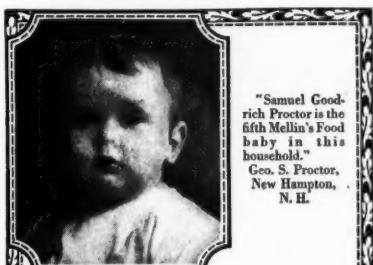
In the days of our thrifty foremothers, with their half dozen or dozen daughters to provide for, each girl expected her wedding and its attendant festivities, as simple or elaborate as the family could afford, to be entirely her own. Double weddings, by no means uncommon nowadays, were then almost unknown. But one New England family cherished the tradition of a double wedding, the result of a lovers' conspiracy by which an elder sister, betrothed happily with her mother's consent, was able to preserve the happiness of her younger sister, whose choice the mother disapproved.

The girls were the only children of a widow who was fairly well-to-do, sharp, calculating and ambitious that her two pretty daughters should make good matches in the worldly sense. The elder at the age of twenty was courted by a prosperous young farmer, the most eligible bachelor in the neighborhood. She readily accepted him, though not for his possessions. At the same time a fine young fellow, who was then only the mate of a small trading schooner, wooed the younger sister and won her heart; but as soon as the mother realized that the love affair was going on she interfered and forbade the lovers to have anything more to do with each other. The girl, a sweet and gentle creature, dutifully submitted to the decree, but went about pale, tearful and visibly pining.

The elder sister then took matters into her own hands. Without telling the younger, she summoned the two young men, who were close friends, and suggested a plan, to which they gladly consented.

She began the next day to show herself exacting and discontented about the clothes and household linens that were being provided for her wedding; she pointed out to her mother that her future husband's relatives were wealthy, were likely to be critical and rouse his dissatisfaction, and that it behooved her for the sake of the family pride to go to him well dowered. The widow was inclined to think her foolish, but a half hint or a raised eyebrow upon the part of the prospective bridegroom when casual mention was made of the contemplated provision of this or that soon changed her opinion. She hated to part with more money; but she was even prouder than she was close, and in the end with groans and complainings she complied with each new demand.

On the very eve of the wedding did the clever bride impart her plan to her sister, who was terrified but delighted. Then together the two went to their mother and urged her consent to a double wedding on the morrow; the elder frankly admitted the plot, but explained that her betrothed did not care a whit what she brought him or did not bring him and would be much better pleased to have his friend's suit



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New Hampton,
N. H.

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Ralph Alexander,
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There is no warning sign of the unseen danger that follows the playful bite or scratch of a pet, the slip of a tool or other injury that results in a break of the skin.

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successful than to receive an extra supply of unnecessary worldly goods with his wife. And then—and that was the point which finally carried the day—by simply dividing what was already prepared there were linen enough and clothes enough to marry off a second bride without having to spend a cent!

The next day two demure brides, modestly but sufficiently provided, were married to two triumphant bridegrooms—the first double wedding that had ever taken place in the village.



"GHOSTS WHAT AIN'T"

HERE is one thing sure, declares Mr. Ellis Parker Butler in *Ghosts What Ain't*, you won't get what you want unless you go after it. And there is another sure thing: if you go after a thing and don't get it, you are likely to get some other thing that is worth as much or more. Columbus went after India and did not get it. But he got America.

Mrs. Jenny O'Jones is afraid to invite her friends to dinner lest they notice that the butter knives are plated. For years she has wanted to give a dinner, but at night she dreams of plated butter knives, a ton of them, sitting on her chest. She frets and sours, and when her time comes to die she can't even die with any pleasure, because she thinks that now at last every one will find out that her butter knives are not solid.

On the other hand Mrs. Susie O'Smith has no butter knives at all, but she doesn't let a "ghost what ain't" worry her. "I'm going to give a dinner," she says, "butter spreaders or no butter spreaders!"

The result is that every one has a joyous time, and the guests think butter knives must be out of date and not used in London or on Fifth Avenue, and Mrs. Susie O'Smith becomes the social queen and can serve the tomatoes in the coal scuttle if she likes!

There was a man named Cale J. Jiggers of East Penrod, Indiana, who worked eighteen years without an increase of salary. Every year he said to himself, "I ought to have a raise; I've earned a raise; the boss can afford me a raise." Then his "ghost what ain't" loomed up and whispered, "But he might refuse you!" And poor old Jiggers worked eighteen more years and got to be round-shouldered and unhappy and unpleasant; and just before he was fired and sent to the poor farm the boss said to him:

"Cale, I'm sorry you have been such a failure. Eighteen years ago I did think of making you manager, but you always seemed so confounded meek and timid that I gave the job to Hen Hawkins. When Hen wanted anything he asked for it. He was a blamed nuisance to me that way, and I made him half partner to hush him up."



THE EARLY RISER; THERE HE SLEEPS

IN a little book entitled *Harvard Memories* the former president of the university, Dr. Charles W. Eliot, tells some very entertaining stories of the days when the college was smaller and "snugger" than it is now. One anecdote deals with Josiah Quincy, who was once president of the college, and with Prof. Joseph Story.

President Quincy liked to get up early and go to work. Professor Story did not. One bright day the president attended a lecture by Professor Story and took a chair on the platform behind him. After a time the professor noticed that his usually attentive class were tittering. Glancing behind, he saw the president fast asleep. Without any change of voice or manner he remarked:

"Gentlemen, you see before you an illustration of the deplorable consequences of early rising."



THE BOY HARDING'S GANDER

IF George Washington had fibbed about the cherry tree, he would certainly have wholly deserved what he half deserved and didn't get for cutting it down. He would have been a very bad little boy indeed; nevertheless, he might have become in time, with due allowance for growth in years, wisdom and grace, the same great and good G. W. whom we all revere as the Father of his Country. A large and encouraging number of bad little boys, fortunately for the world, grow up to be good men, if few of them become great Presidents.

It would scarcely be just and certainly would be uncharitable to condemn the late President Harding's juvenile past as that of a bad boy. He was not bad. He was often good. He was usually truthful. Yet he once confessed that he had had a chance to emulate George Washington and failed to take it.

"When I was a boy about eight years old," he said, "it was my fortune every summer to go to the home of my grandfather on the farm. One of my chores was to bring in the cows at milking time, and one evening I got my orders to go for the cows and was unwillingly complying. But as I skipped along boylike I picked up a stone that we called a 'sailor,'—a thin stone, you will remember, that you throw, and it sails in the air,—and I let it go without any responsibility or design at a flock of geese. And by some misfortune of fate the sharp edge of the stone struck a fine big gander right on the

side of the head, and he whirled half a dozen times and fell dead.

"In my excess of sorrow that I had killed the gander and my sense of injury to my grandfather I rushed after the cows without speaking a word of explanation. And when I came back I found my grandmother plucking the gander to save the feathers, and grandfather was orating. He had examined the dead bird and had concluded that it had been killed by a very ill-behaved turkey gobbler; and he had reasoned out that the gobbler had struck him in the side of the head and had killed him, and thereupon decreed that the gobbler should die.

"And there I stood, a boyish culprit and liar through omission, saying nothing in the gobbler's defense; and he went to the block and I helped to eat him, and a more innocent gobbler had never lived and died."

That is surely a shocking confession; but a fault sincerely repented sometimes even strengthens virtue and broadens it with understanding. It is not wholly astonishing that the slayer of that gander and President of these United States was able to add: "It may seem strange, but that incident has recurred to me a thousand times in my life and is ever impelling fair statement."



LAMB'S GENTLE WAY WITH NEW BOOKS

CHARLES LAMB was fond of old books, but cared less than nothing for new ones. Mr. Harry B. Smith, writing in *Scribner's Magazine*, tells us the incredible way in which Lamb treated the new books that came into his hands.

In none of the letters or biographies, says Mr. Smith, have I found evidence that Lamb ever bought a new book. His literary interests were of no profit to publishers; the battered veterans on his shelves welcomed no dapper young recruits. But he received numerous presentation copies from authors, and such volumes, too modern to please his fancy, he was wont to throw over the wall into his neighbor Westwood's garden. In that manner was formed the library of the younger Thomas Westwood, then a boy thirteen years old. "A Leigh Hunt," he wrote forty years afterward, "would come skimming to my feet through the branches of the apple trees; or a Bernard Barton would be rolled downstairs after me from the library door. Mariana Colonna I remember finding on my window sill, damp with the night's fog; and the Plea of the Midsummer Fairies I picked out of the strawberry bed." I possess one of those outcast volumes, absolutely identified by Westwood's bookplate and Hunt's inscription to Lamb. The covers are damp-stained, and, like the lost heiress of old drama, it is identified by a strawberry mark.

In 1830 there lived at their father's rectory, Somersby, in Lincolnshire, three brothers, young men who wrote poetry and who had published a small volume, *Poems by Two Brothers*. The contributions of one of the three were considered negligible. A year after that first effort one of the brothers published a volume of his own that the critics found rather puerile and insipid. The young man, Mr. Tennyson, or perhaps his publisher Moxon, sent a copy of his *Poems Chiefly Lyrical* to Lamb, who before wafting it over the wall to Westwood submitted the little book to unusual humiliation.

Apparently the only value that he discovered in Tennyson's volume was that it answered Sheridan's description: "A small rivulet of verse running through a wide meadow of margin." Lamb used those extensive margins for memoranda, tore out the pages and pasted them in his scrapbook and then, we may imagine, tossed the wrecked remnant of the future laureate's first book over the garden wall.



THE YOUNGER GENERATION SCORES

A YOUNG husband, says the Argonaut, criticised the biscuits that his bride served him for breakfast. As usual they were "nothing like those mother used to make." The young lady planned her campaign, and the next morning she set before him a plate of hot biscuits alleged to be made as mother used to make hers.

"Now you've got it," he exclaimed delightedly as he sampled the new lot. "These are exactly like mother used to make! How did you happen to hit upon the receipt?"

"It's no great secret," his wife said with a smile. "I put in oleo instead of butter, used cold storage eggs, dropped a bit of alum in the flour and adulterated the milk. Remember, sweetheart, your mother lived before there were any pure-food laws."



A WARLIKE COLLEGE YELL

HERE is a suggestion from Harper's Magazine that may be helpful to harassed undergraduates who are trying to compose a new "yell" that shall be at once inspiring and unintelligible:

"We've got a dandy college yell now."
"What is it?"

"We give four Russian battleships, a siss-boom-ah and then two Chinese generals."



A real Stevens rifle for only \$4.50

Here's a real honest-to-goodness rifle—at a price that makes you want to cheer—

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Made like all the rest of the Stevens line. The same accurate barrel—made the same way as the old *Favorite* and *Visible Loading*—for straight shooting and long, hard service.

The barrel, for instance, is rifled to less than a thousandth of an inch. That means downright accuracy!

Just think of it—a rifle like this for only \$4.50.

And in Stevens rifles strength is their middle name. They simply stand all sorts of hard wear. We had a letter from an old man the other day—said he'd been shooting the same old *Favorite* for 25 years and it outshoots anything he knows of right today.

Whether it's the new *Stevens Junior*, the old *Favorite* or the fast working little *Visible Loading* repeater, you can always bank on a Stevens for bagging game or for knocking over pests.

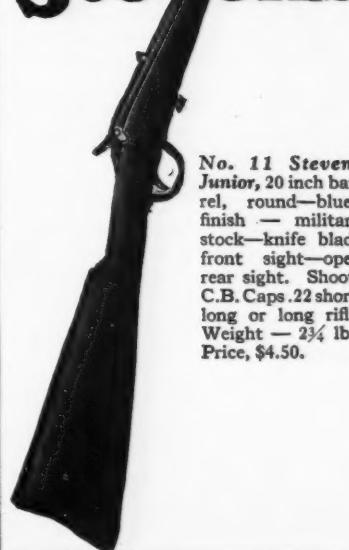
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Your new laundry problem

HOW TO MEET IT:

A FEW years ago nearly everything you wore could go safely into the family wash.

Today the situation is reversed.

What were once cotton garments now are silk or wool—filmy crêpe de chine, cobwebby chiffon, silk blouses so delicate that they can almost be drawn through a finger-ring, fluffy wool sweaters.

Not one of these delicate things should ever be subjected to the cruelties of the "family wash." So you have a different washing problem today, and you therefore need different soap and different methods.

In recommending gentle laundering by squeezing luke-warm Ivory Suds through your delicate modern garments, we are supported not only by hundreds of experiments of our own with practically every known kind of material, but by the experiences of literally millions of women who have found this method to be the finest kind of safety insurance.

For Ivory Suds use either Ivory cake soap, or Ivory Flakes, which

is Ivory Soap flaked for you and ready for instant use. Ivory in either form is economy, not extravagance. Ivory—so gentle and mild—is as harmless to colors and fabrics as is pure water alone. Silk and woolen garments, washed by the Ivory method, actually last longer than cotton garments washed by old-fashioned methods.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



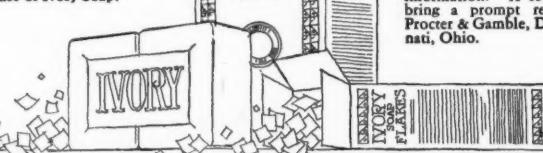
A conclusive test for garment soaps

It is easy to determine whether or not a soap is gentle enough to be used for delicate garments.

Simply ask yourself this question:

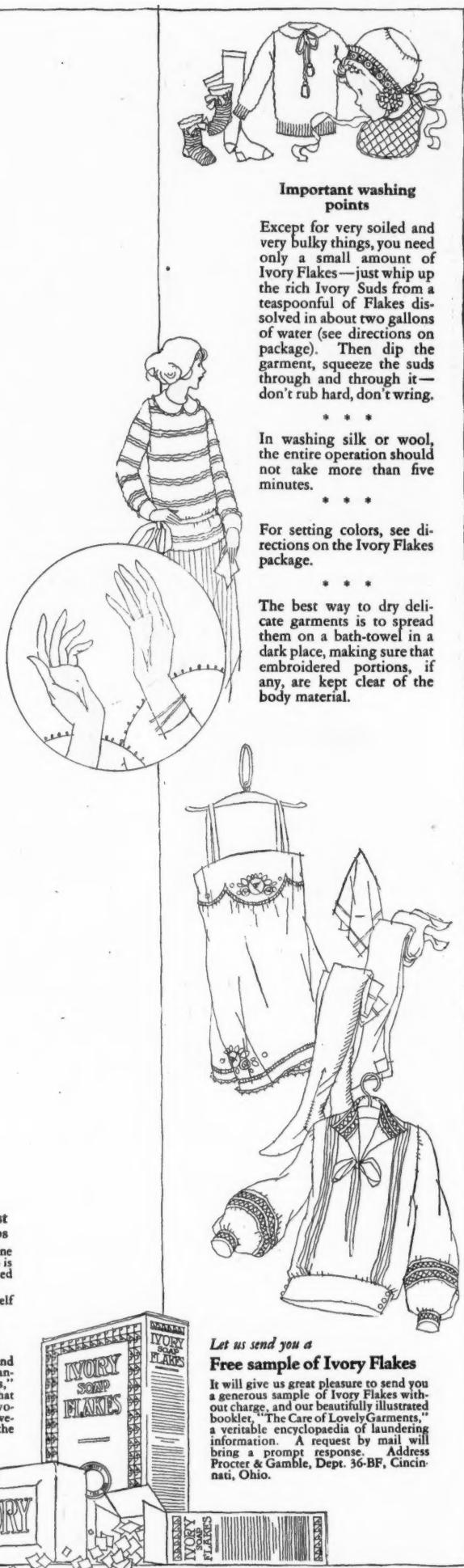
"Would I use this soap on my face?"

In the case of Ivory and Ivory Flakes, your answer is instantly "Yes," because you know that for forty-five years women have protected lovely complexions by the use of Ivory Soap.



Let us send you a Free sample of Ivory Flakes

It will give us great pleasure to send you a generous sample of Ivory Flakes without charge, and our beautifully illustrated booklet, "The Care of Lovely Garments," a veritable encyclopaedia of laundering information. A request by mail will bring a prompt response. Address Procter & Gamble, Dept. 36-BF, Cincinnati, Ohio.



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